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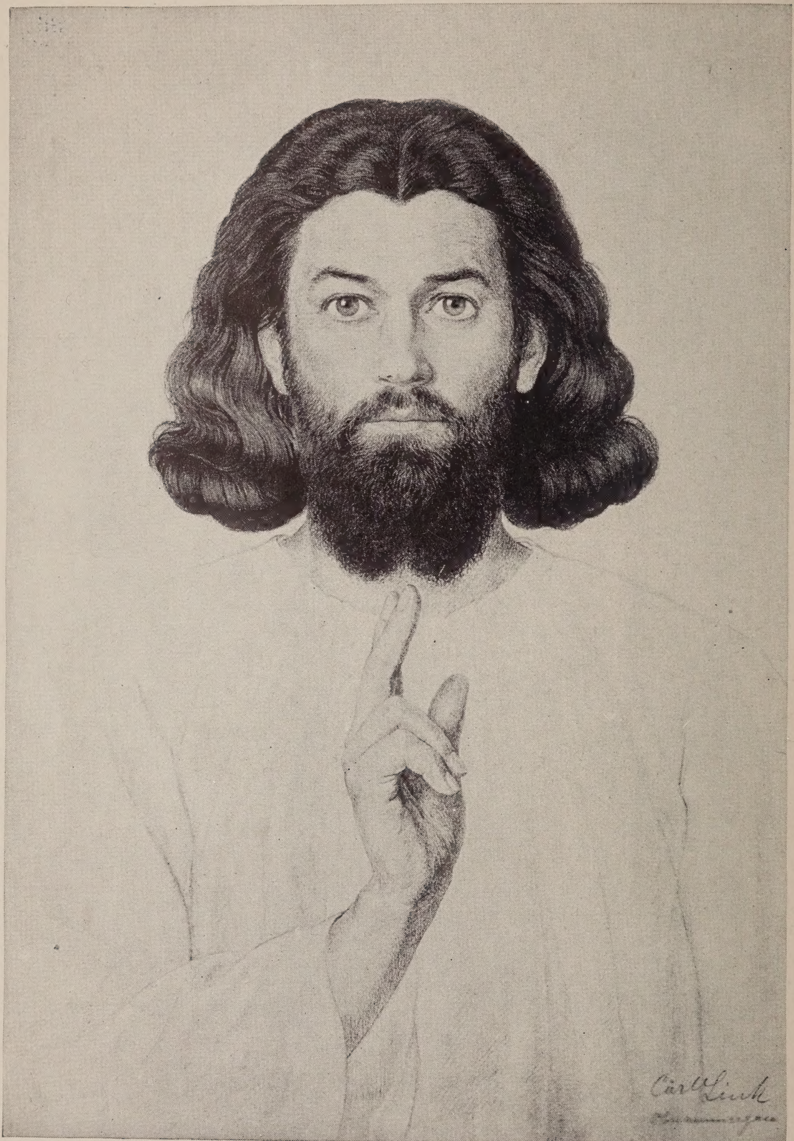
The Passion Play
Of Oberammergau



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ALOIS LANG, — THE CHRISTUS OF THE PASSION PLAY

✓ Oberammergau passion-play

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THE PASSION PLAY
OF
OBERAMMERGAU

Revised Edition for the 1934 Celebration
Translated from the original German text,
with an Introduction, by

MONTROSE J. MOSES

Dodd, Mead & Company
New York City

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To my Friend

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

	1890	1900
Christus[1]	Joseph Mayr (1870–71–1880) Dealer in carved goods	Anton Lang Potter
Mary[2]	Rosa Lang Daughter of the Burgomaster	Anna Flunger Postman's daughter
Peter	Jakob Hett (also 1870) Carver	Thomas Rendl Carver
John[3]	Peter Rendl Carver	Peter Rendl
Judas[4]	Johann Zwink Artist-painter	Johann Zwink
Philip	Tobias Zwink Carver	Tobias Zwink
Thaddeus	Joseph Kurz Roadmaker	Joseph Kurz
Simon	Mart. Hohenleittner	Mart. Hohenleittner
James, the Elder	Andreas Braun Woodcarver	Mathias Dedler Carver
James, the Less	Joseph Klucker	Benedikt Klucker
Thomas	Andreas Lang	Anton Mayr Carver
Andrew	Alois Stadler	Alois Gerold
Matthew	Alois Gerold	Josef Albrecht Carver
Bartholomew	Martin Albl	Josef Rutz Tailor
Simeon, of Bethany	Gregor Lechner	———

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[1] Tobias Flunger (1850)

[2] Franziska Flunger (1870)

[3] Johann Zwink (1870)

[4] Gregor Lechner (1850–1880)

	1890	1900
Lazarus	Emanuel Lang	Otto Lang Carver
Magdalene	Amalie Deschler Daughter of the Tailor	Bertha Wolf Daughter of Hotelkeeper
Martha	Helene Lang Daughter of the Tailor	Marie Schwalb
Veronika	Elizabeth Zundterer	———
Pilate[1]	Thomas Rendl (also 1880) Carver	Sebastian Bauer Carver
Caiaphas[2]	Joh. Ev. Lang (also 1860–70–71–80) Burgomaster	Sebastian Lang Verger
Annas[3]	Franz Rutz, Sr. Master-tailor	Martin Oppenrieder
Herod[4]	Johann Diemer Retired	Rochus Lang Potter
Nathanael	Sebastian Lang, Jr. (also 1880) Carver	Gregor Breitsamter
Archilaus Rabbi	Sebastian Bauer (also 1880) Carver	———
Ezekiel[5]	Rochus Lang	Rupert Breitsamter Carpenter
Sadok	Sebastian Deschler Carver	Sebastian Deschler
Josue	Andreas Wolf Joiner	Andreas Wolf
Mereric	Anton Gastl	———
Josaphat	Anton Schiestl	———
Samuel	G. Schallhammer Carver	G. Schallhammer
Rabinth	Eduard Albl	———
Nathan	Franz Paul Lang	———
Dariabbas	Johann Lang, Jr.	———
Joseph of Arimathaea[6]	Martin Oppenrieder Carver (also 1880)	Andreas Braun Carver (1890)
Nicodemus	Franz Steinbacher (also 1880) Master-dyer	William Rutz Baker
The Centurion	Anton Bartl	———
Simon of Cyrene	Michael Bauer	———

[1] Tobias Flunger (1870)

[2] Jacob Mayr (1830–1850)

[3] Sebastian Deschler (1880)

[4] Franz Paul Lang (1860–1870)

[5] Sebastian Deschler (1870)

[6] Thomas Rendl (1870)

	1890	1900
Barabbas[1]	Johann Oswald Workman	———
Thief [*to right*]	Anton Lang Mason	Anton Lang
Thief [*to left*]	Eduard Bierling	Eduard Bierling
Rabbi [*see Archilaus Rabbi*]		Andreas Lang Carver
Prologue		Joseph Mayr
Choragus	Johann Diemer (1870)	
High Priest	Modestus Stickel (1870)	
A Pharisee	Franz Paul Lang (1890)	
Chief of the Traders	Andreas Mayr (1890);	Melchior Breitsamter (1900) Carver
"Genius"	Josepha Flunger (1870); Jacob Rutz (1871)	
Leader of the Chorus	Jacob Rutz (1880–1890)	
Quintus	Sebastian Lang (1870)	
Roman Captain	Anton Bartl (1880–1900)	
Director of the Play	Johann Lang Burgomaster	———
Director of the Tableaux	Ludwig Lang Director of the Carving School	———
Musical Director	Joseph Gruber Teacher	Ferd. Feldigl Teacher Eduard Lang Dealer in Glass
Chorus Director	Jacob Rutz (also 1880) Smith	Johann Diemer (1870)
Jewish Boy	Herbert Lang (1900)	———

CHORUS (1890)

Soprano	*Alto*
Josepha Breitsamter	Crescenz Bierling
Luzie Lang	Antonia Albl
Aloisia Mayr	Maria Lutz
Regina Wolf	Magdalena Köpf
Maria Samm	Johanna Keller
Ludovica Gindhart	Josepha Steidle
Anna Korntheuer	Crescenz Klamer

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[1] J. Allinger (1880)

Tenor

Otto Anderl, Assistant Teacher
Anton Lechner
Dominikus Schilcher
Alois Lang
Korbinian Christa

Bass

Anton Lutz
Joseph Gabler
Korbinian Rutz
Otto Mangold

[This is not a complete list of players; it is given in such form that the reader may judge of two essential characteristics of the cast: First, from decade to decade the actors are shifted to different rôles; and second, certain families in Oberammergau predominate over others in the assignment of parts. Nearly seven hundred villagers appear in the Passion Play.]

CAST OF PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS IN RECENT YEARS

	1910	1922	1930
Prologue	Anton Lechner	Anton Lechner	Anton Lang
Christus	Anton Lang	Anton Lang	Alois Lang
Mary	Ottilie Zwink	Martha Veit	Anni Rutz
Peter	Andreas Lang	Andreas Lang	Peter Rendl
John	Alfred Bierling	Melchior Breitsamter	Hans Lang
Judas	Johann Zwink	Guido Mayr	Guido Mayr
James	Mathias Dedler	Josef Albrecht	Hubert Mayr
Joseph of Arimathea	Peter Rendl	Peter Rendl	Alfred Bierling
Nicodemus	Wilhelm Lang, jun.	Wilhelm Lang, jun.	Wilhelm Lang
Simon of Bethany	Thomas Rendl, sen.	Hans Zwink, sen.	Andreas Lang
Magdalene	Maria Mayr	Paula Rendl	Johanna Preisinger
Pilate	Sebastian Bauer	Hans Mayr	Melchior Breitsamter, jun.
Herod	Hans Mayr	Gregor Breitsamter	Hans Mayr
Caiaphas	Gregor Breitsamter	Hugo Rutz	Hugo Rutz
Annas	Sebastian Lang	Sebastian Lang	Anton Lechner
Nathaniel	Rupert Breitsamter, sen.	Alois Lang	Benedikt Stuckl

	1910	1922	1930
Ezechiel	Sebastian Schauer	Sebastian Schauer	Sebastian Schauer
Nathan	Josef Bierling	Josef Bierling	Hans Zwink
Music Director	Ludwig Wittmann	Ludwig Wittmann	Ludwig Wittmann
Choir Leader	Jakob Rutz	Guido Diemer	Guido Diemer
Stage Manager	Ludwig Lang	Georg Johann Lang	Georg Johann Lang

THE PASSION PLAY OF 1934

It is four years since Oberammergau last embarked on this communal undertaking, which has become world famous. Ordinarily the play is presented every ten years at the turn of the decade, in accordance with a vow made when Oberammergau was miraculously spared from a plague. The next regular presentation, therefore, is not due until 1940. A special season, however, seemed to be called for this year because it marks three centuries of a promise scrupulously kept.

The principals in this year's presentation are again, except for three changes, the players of 1930. Alois Lang, the 43-year-old wood carver, once more will be the Christus. Anton Lang, who played that part for three decades, beginning in 1900, has been again chosen as the prologuist. The part of the Virgin Mary will again be taken by Fraulein Anni Rutz, a young stenographer whose Spanish ancestors emigrated to Oberammergau four centuries ago.

There will be a new Mary Magdalene in the person of Fraulein Klara Mayr, daughter of the sculptor, Guido Mayr, whose portrayals of Judas in 1922 and

1930 were so impressive. Hans Zwink, a young painter, who was Nathan in 1930, will succeed Herr Mayr in the part of Judas.

The Pontius Pilate will again be Melchior Breitsamter and the Caiphas will be the village blacksmith, Hugo Rutz. Peter Rendl, who was to have played Peter, died suddenly a few weeks ago and that part has been given to Hubert Mayr, a dairyman, who played the Apostle James the last time.

The whole production is again in the skillful hands of Georg Johann Lang, whose meticulous care has been so largely responsible for the success of past performances. There is every prospect for this year of another notable Passion Play.

33 Regular Performances

During the Passion Play period, which lasts from late May to the middle of September, 33 regular performances will be given, on the following days:

Monday	May	21
Sunday	“	27
Wednesday	“	30
Sunday	June	3
Wednesday	“	6
Monday	“	11
Sunday	“	17
Wednesday	“	20
Monday	“	25
Sunday	July	1
Wednesday	July	4
Sunday	“	8
Wednesday	“	11
Sunday	“	15
Wednesday	“	18
Sunday	“	22
Wednesday	“	25
Sunday	“	29
Wednesday	Aug.	1
Sunday	“	5

Wednesday	Aug.	8
Sunday	"	12
Wednesday	"	15
Sunday	"	19
Wednesday	"	22
Sunday	"	26
Wednesday	"	29
Monday	Sept.	3
Wednesday	"	5
Monday	"	10
Wednesday	"	12
Sunday	"	16
Sunday	"	23

Foreword

THE people of Oberammergau move in cycles of ten years. They calculate events from one Passion Play to another. They realize their own advancing age by the way in which they are shifted from one rôle to another. The tragedy of Anton Lang is, at the present time, that, having played *Christus* for three successive decades, he has to give way to youth, and content himself with speaking the *Prologue.*

The omnipotent Council of Oberammergau designates who shall appear in the Passion Play. As the time approaches for another fulfilment of their ancient vow, the villagers thrill with hope; life takes on a new sense of preparation. Secluded more or less for ten years, they once more make ready to receive the world outside. Lads let their hair grow long; the young men allow their beards to grow; the maidens cling to the expectancy that maybe the dear Mother Mary will be bestowed upon them—a most covetted honor. Hammers are heard in Oberammergau: houses must be made ready for the guests; the Passion theatre must be renovated in accord with the new theatre devices. The body politic must make rules to meet the conditions of increased traffic, to preserve order which is always necessary when great crowds assemble.

How many times has the soul of Oberammergau been perturbed by the knocking of the outside world at its doors! Its mediæval simplicity has been shaken every ten years by some new reckoning with advancing civilization. The world has tempted Oberammergau, has disturbed its one-mindedness. In 1910, tourists shot through the quaint village in motor cars. The Council had given permission for this new machine to invade the precinct. Then the little river Ammer burst its bounds and spread threateningly over the Bavarian Highlands. Was this evidence of God's displeasure—the same displeasure that had been made manifest to them in 1634, when pestilence had hovered over them? At that time it had been lifted only when the people had pledged themselves to give the Passion Play, in token of their humble spirit before the divine will. In 1922, crushed by loss of life in the Great War, and threatened by poverty and starvation in consequence of economic pressure, they were tempted by offers from the moving picture managers, and they saw an easy way before them of meeting their financial strain; but the Council of Oberammergau steadfastly refused to make any concession to modern curiosity; they said that no film should cheapen their solemn rite. Now, in 1934, an airplane route to the Passion Play attacks the very air of Oberammergau. They may close their gates to modernism. But who can gainsay the freedom of flying? And who knows but the microphone may invade the orchestra and choir?

Yet, in this onward tread of science and invention, Oberammergau can only momentarily protect what, in one sense, is a village monopoly; what, in another sense, is a village source of income; but what, in a deeper signification, is a symbol to them of spiritual salvation. Speculation, by way of Munich, has tapped many times at the door of this village. Innovation, brought about by the improved conditions in the German theatre, has modified and changed the outward scene of the stage, and the physical arrangement of the audience. The modern spirit has necessitated many alterations in the text of the Passion Play, and many changes in the music. It is not wholly the fault of Oberammergau that there has been let slip some of its ancient heritage, and some of the simple quality of its ancient ritual. Though the play is an ancient custom and represents an inherited obligation, there is no folk quality to the Passion Play, despite the fact that it is so much a part of the life of the village. It is easier to change a ceremonial than to relinquish a folk trait. At one time, in the play, there was a *Devil* and his evil spirits, who belabored the person of *Judas*. But that is no more. At one time, the text was dominated by Catholic doctrine, until the Protestant world began coming to the performances, when gradually the Passion Play was shorn of its pointed ecclesiastical significance, and presented as a straight panoramic story. Losing its doctrinal character, it has perforce lost some of its initial simplicity. In its place has been put theatrical detail. This was imperceptibly but steadily forced upon the Oberammergau leaders by the increased area of its appeal.

And so, in devious ways, Oberammergau has been besieged by modernism, however much the streets and houses and surroundings may retain much of their olden quaintness and calm majesty. Were a visitor to the 1871 performance to revisit the village today, he would see more strongly than the villagers themselves the distinct inroads of modernism in a community born of mediæval fervor, held together by mediæval pledges, with occupations so closely allied to the ceremonial for which they have received world recognition. This difference which one feels is not alone in the better thoroughfares, but in the greater contacts these once isolated people have made with the outside world. For instance, since the 1922 performances, delayed by the conditions of war, Anton Lang and a small coterie of his fellow players have pilgrimaged to America and have exhibited in New York and other cities samples of their handicraft, in the hope, by sales, of raising enough money to save the children of Bavaria from starvation. They did not come to seek charity, but to ply their trade and to increase their village revenue. The *Christus* of 1900, 1910, and 1922, flanked by motorcycle policemen, rode through the streets of New York in a limousine, so unlike his entry into Jerusalem! The 1922 production of the Passion Play had been a failure financially. The Oberammergau exchequer needed replenishing. America was their hope. In December, 1923, and in January, 1924, Lang and his associates exhibited themselves for the sake of their village. Such experiences must be devastating to such people.

No one can thus travel, even for sweet pity's sake, and not find a change in point of view. Not that the purity of intention regarding the offering of the Passion Play has in the least altered in these village folk.

There is still the ideal held before Oberammergau. One is born there with the consciousness of this ideal; one is raised there with a sense that life passes between intervals of ordinary living and concentrated preparation and performance. The very air they breathe is full of the reverent spirit; the very sights they see—the cross on Kofl, the Crucifixion group, the carven images along the roadway—these are symbols lived with through the formative years; these are the last sights of old age. A son inherits his father's business even as he may at some future time play his father's rôle. Before they can scarcely walk, children sing in the choruses. An Oberammergau boy looks toward the rôle of *Christus* as his possible destiny; he dreams of it as a farmhand dreams of the Presidency. It is the highest gift these people have to bestow.

There is small possibility of forgetting the Passion Play in the village; every event that occurs in Oberammergau has its associative connection with the past; time is measured *from* it and *toward* it. When, at the end of their season of playing, the villagers put aside their costumes for another ten years, they wonder how time will change them. This one has played *John* for his last performance, for age has touched him, and age will gain a permanent foothold during the next decade. The tender girl, who has played *Mary*, will blossom into fuller womanhood, and another will take her place. Time ripens and withers one, though it may not stale the spirit. So, these folk pack away their costumes; they go to the grave of their beloved pastor Daisenberger, and with holy water they sprinkle the resting place of schoolmaster Dedler. The one they revere as the editor of the old Passion Play texts; the other is their Oberammergau Mozart, who gave them their music. Then, when the Passion season is a thing of yesterday to them, the hale and hearty of the village trudge to the monastery at Ettal, three miles distant, reciting their prayers as though on a pilgrimage. There, at Ettal, they pay respect to its having been the mediæval religious and art centre, in the midst of which flowered the Passion Play and the wood-carving, their two staffs of livelihood.

These simple folk as easily resume their daily occupations as they drop them for the acting tasks assigned them every ten years. Some months before the play is to be given, the Council faces the problem of choosing the cast; their selections are as binding as the will of the College of Cardinals in the election of a Pope. Their first consideration is: Shall the play be given? Are there any reasons for its postponement? These questions settled, the preparations go forward with almost ritualistic regularity. The Bavarian capital is approached and gives its consent. One can hardly imagine any political group in power—whatever their attitude toward the play—refusing a people the means of acquiring revenue for public improvement. The least part of the receipts of the Passion Play goes to the actors. The larger share is for the communal good: now the Ammer river needs to be deepened, again the wood-carving school has to be enlarged. The village budget for a decade is drawn from the proceeds of the Passion Play.

At the very outset of preparation, the executive positions are designated, committees are organized, and then the supreme election for the chief rôles is held, after the Council, which is to meet at the Town Hall, goes to the little church for the celebration of High Mass. The details of revival are enormous. Costumes, numbering about six hundred, have to be arranged and some of them designed anew; stage properties have to be gone over and some of them replaced, for ten years can tarnish and dull the edge of color. The actors accept their tasks in the spirit of consecration, bearing in silence any disappointment they may feel as to the decisions of the Council.

Is the community of Oberammergau a religious one? On that score the general impression is affirmatively positive; any group of people so dominated by a Passion Play is likely to be influenced in daily life by it, even to the point of self-consciousness. Many have been shocked in their effort to reconcile *Peter's* going to the gasthof Alte Post for a quaff of Munich beer. I recall one writer in 1922, who, while recognizing in *Christus* Lang an excellent working copy of Da Vinci's Christ, discovered in him also a tinge of histrionic vanity and a good share of worldly outlook. Is this due to the fact that the village is visited by tourists who must be met with sagacity as a foil to popular curiosity? The inhabitants of Oberammergau, writes one observer, "have the spacious duality of both passive and active participation in the pageantry of things. It is an amazing arrangement, whereby a potter can hold the centre of a stage, illuminated by every newspaper and journal in the Occident, and *Peter* divide his talents between the bars of heaven and the Alte Post, and play *skat* until the cock crows thrice."

The people of Oberammergau are human; they love their sports; they have their carnivals; they give their minor religious plays every season. They are all of the out-doors, priding themselves on their mountain climbing. They have their family life and their public obligations. They pursue their trades, and earn their livelihood. They are toilers, which does not mean that they cannot accumulate comfortable fortunes. But the communal duty is paramount, never more so than during a Passion Play season. As early as March, 1934, the papers began recording news from Oberammergau, and one always becomes regretful that such news should have to come from Berlin and Munich as the source. Generally, this news is wrong. During the war, reports were often broadcast that Anton Lang had been killed in action. In like fashion, rash information comes of the Passion Play. In October, 1929, the Associated Press sent forth the details of the election in the spirit of a political event. True, excitement always reigns in Oberammergau, when the Council goes into session; there are many moments of speculation. And votes are cast in perfectly parliamentary fashion. On the streets of Oberammergau everyone is eager for reports from the Town Hall. Will the balloting give to Alois Lang, bee-keeper and wood-carver, the rôle of *Christus?* As a matter of fact it did. It was suggested that the contest for the *Virgin Mary* would be close. The daughter of Anton Lang, the inn-keeper's daughter, and the daughter of the village confectioner were in the race! The latter had small hope of choice, since she is to be married soon. In 1930 Anni Rutz, a typist, was the *Virgin,* while Hansi Preisinger was the *Mary Magdalene.*

In normal times—for the season of the Passion Play is one of abnormal stress and strain—the people of Oberammergau lead by no means a dull existence. The Oberammergau girl and boy have their pleasures. Anni Rutz, who is twenty-seven, is a professed mountain climber; she revels in skiing, and she rides a bicycle; she has a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice and plays both the piano and violin. In addition to which she was educated in a Catholic cloister. Four hundred years ago her ancestors came to Oberammergau from Spain. This is not a meagre background by any means.

Rehearsals are soon under way, and nightly, in the Town Hall, like a cut-up puzzle, the Passion Play is made ready. In the meanwhile, the Council has its problems of administration: speculators and agencies are seeking accommodations and are buying blocks of seats. The Passion Play has about it all the intricacies of a big business. Even now, from Berlin, comes the news that the price of admission will have to be doubled this year, to guard against loss, and to underwrite the improvements being made for the 1934 season. This may be only a rumor, but it shows how much a public matter the Passion Play has become, how professional it is getting to be.

As in 1910 and 1922, we hear the cry that the Passion Play not only must be modernized but is being modernized. Theatrical technique has improved in playhouses the world over; the public has not that simplicity of taste which would content them to witness a simple and naïve portrayal of New Testament pictures. They are no longer mediævally imaginative. They wish to be shown the veriest detail. Every decennial, the preponderant desire is for a large scale production and for increasingly rich costuming. The Town Council of Oberammergau, headed by the Burgomaster, whose yearly salary is insignificant, are forced to think, despite their high-mindedness, in figures so as to keep the village from bankruptcy. They have to make profit, otherwise the administration of village affairs becomes precarious. They seek a surplus for the public good.

There are no sensational salaries paid to the actors of the Passion Play. In 1910, the *Christus* received for the season of playing a scant sum, slightly over four hundred dollars. The year he spent in preparation earned him a clerk's modest income. From the year's receipts all expenses have to be deducted, and then the performers are paid—which means not alone the actors but as well the workmen employed. In 1910, after deductions were made, eighty-four thousand dollars were left for the public improvements. The small sums received by the individuals do not tend to make easy the domestic living in Oberammergau, especially should an untoward economic disturbance happen. The people are not professional farmers; they are wood-carvers, goldsmiths, artisans of different sorts. The village painter was the *Judas* of 1910; the apostle *John* was the plumber. Hugo Rutz, who in 1930 played the rôle of *Caiaphas,* is the village blacksmith; the Zwinks, father and son, are fresco painters. The small crops these villagers raise could not feed the village. In 1919, when there was a shortage of food stuffs and the Bavarian government imposed food restrictions upon the people, Oberammergau was rescued from destitution by the American Red Cross.

In 1922, Alois Lang was Anton's understudy as *Christus;* he had reached the age when he little thought that he would be the Council's next choice. After his election in 1930, he was asked for some comment. And he is reported to have said that he saw no way of saving the world, since Christ could not do it. He was then about thirty-nine, tall and strongly marked in features, less spiritually romantic in appearance than Anton. We may surmise that this difference in appearance and in world attitude marked the spirit of the new *Christus;* his interpretation was somewhat less sentimental than that of his relative. As measure of the Council's deliberateness in making selections for the cast, Lang's only competitor was Hugo Rutz, but, in the opinion of the elders, Rutz's *Caiaphas,* of 1922, was too vivid to lose, so he was reappointed for that rôle. We only have to compare the two portraits of Anni Rutz, the chosen *Virgin,* and Hansi Preisinger, the inn-keeper's daughter, to understand why the part of *Mary Magdalene* was given the latter.

In other words, every step in the preparations for the Passion Play would suggest that, spiritual though its inception was, it is becoming more and more the aim of the technical directors to make of it a perfect theatrical presentment of a biblical spectacle. It is the largest and most successful survival of the mediæval Passion Play form. There are others given in these modern days,—for example, the Freiburg Passion Play which was imported to this country in 1929, and produced at the New York Hippodrome on April 29. In tradition this play stretches back to 1264.

The life of Christ, in its climactic scenes, has its great dramatic appeal in the struggle between an individual opposed to a mob. But to externalize the Passion Play, to undertake to project the figure of Jesus —both endeavors are difficult to consummate satisfactorily. Remembered traditions and prejudices have to be overcome. Adolph Fassnacht, pale and effeminate, was the *Christus* from Freiburg, and he fell into the easy channel of sentimentality. Besides which, the Passion Play was removed from its native surroundings to the highly charged theatre "show" atmosphere of Broadway; there were overstressed the daring, melodramatic events, and the spiritual meaning was subdued.

Oberammergau has been wise in resisting every effort on the part of American producers to bring its production to this country. In the Freiburg Passion Play I found most highly successful the side scenes with *Caiaphas* and *Pontius Pilate.* I was mostly enthralled by those plots and counterplots by which the Messiah was brought inevitably to His death. I measured the real drama value of this spectacular by such large scenes as those before the Temple, where the High Priest appeals to the mob against the teachings of Christ. And the simple, heartbreaking moments sank into ineffectiveness because the actors appeared incapable of suggesting them. It would seem that the future of the Passion Play will be largely bound up in the artistry of its presentment. Its textual interest has been hurt by its constant revision.

In Oberammergau, the social background puts one in the mood of acceptance. To make a pilgrimage to the village helps to create the proper frame of mind. To live with the people is to be further inducted into the human and humane bearing of the players. One participates in the living significance of the vow kept through the centuries, and handed down in each family from generation to generation. Study the various casts and note the recurrence of family names. It is a reverent undertaking—this decennial revival,—one of the last outposts of mediæval custom. There are in the village the hard and fast conservatives who would live by the narrow letter of tradition: they fight every change suggested in text, music and manner of giving the play. There are the liberals who are yielding to change and are alive to the modern pressure. If the elders frown upon dancing, as some do, then there is Unterammergau where dancing may be had. Even in Oberammergau, the younger generation is assertive.

One must not regard the Oberammergau community as composed only of High Priests and Mother Superiors. These men and women are very human. They are a mixture of naïveté and worldliness, even in the midst of their spiritual tasks. In off seasons, there is a charm to the village of Oberammergau quite different from that which is to be seen by the tourist during the Passion year. But it is very evident that at all times they are dependent on their background, their immediate surroundings, and their inheritance for individuality. In the same way, the Passion Play is vital only by keeping it where for so many centuries it has had an almost unbroken record of revivals. To transplant it would be to kill it. To give it to any others to present would be to rob it of its natural guardians.

The reader will find in the pages that follow a history of the Passion Play, outlining the evolution from the liturgical *trope* to the full-fledged, lengthy, accumulated drama. A few new titles have been added to the bibliography in order to indicate some of the literature on the subject that has been produced since 1910.

Montrose J. Moses

THE STORY OF THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

I

THE Oberammergau Passion Play is a survival rather than a revival; its history is almost continuous from the period of the early religious dramas of mediæval times, and it retains, however faintly, some of the characteristic features of its prototype. It is true that modern conditions have modified the form, have forced the crudities and buffoonery from the text, have softened the character conception of Judas, for example, in precisely the same manner that Shylock has been humanized since the red-wig days before Charles Macklin. But the main form and some of the effects are still left, however far from the mediæval ingenuousness it is being forced by contact with the outside world and modern stage technique.

The vital essence of the Oberammergau Passion Play is the spirit poured into the modified form — a spirit dominating the social, economic, and intellectual life of the people; time alone will tell whether the communal ideal and whether the communal mission, which guard the minds and hearts of two thousand Bavarian peasants, will be able in isolated reverence to withstand the suffusing forces of civilization; every decade opens the sluices, and the village of Ammergau has to meet the demands of a transitory and curious crowd. The building of the new theatre for the production of 1900 is part example of how time and circumstance work against tradition.

A student went to Oberammergau in 1900; in his mind he carried pictures of mediæval ingenuousness — the triple stage of heaven and earth and hell, the church background and the church-yard, the uncouth humour centred in the Devil, the primitive conceptions of scene, the simple-minded mediæval audiences; none of these did he find at Oberammergau. But with his knowledge of the ancient religious drama, he was better able himself to be a mediæval and to profit by what is left of the type. You may gather together all the dramas in England, France, and Germany, bearing upon Crucifixion and Resurrection incidents and, with proper selection, construct a passion play more original in style, more unique in conception because of the charm which lies in anachronism. But after that, it is a dead, a fixed thing, representing a *genre* wholly dependent upon the atmosphere in which it originally blossomed. Because of the very fact that the people of Oberammergau are aloof, simple, childlike in belief, and imbued with an inherited mission, because they have elected to do one thing and to subserve all else to that one thing, the spirit in which they preserve their institution is what makes the Passion Play a living force — to them.

Evolution has deprived Oberammergau of much of its agreement with mediævalism; Sebastian Wild's Devil is no longer used; evil spirits, which once were accustomed to carry Judas from the stage in much the same manner as they dominated in the early "Prophets of Christ" or the "Adam" play, have disappeared; even Judas's death-shriek, which once rent the stillness, is no longer allowed, nor has he, since 1890, climbed the tree before his hanging, for fear unnecessary mirth from the "groundlings" might destroy the conscious humanizing which stamps every rôle to the smallest part.

In another vital respect the Passion Play has become modified; it nowhere accentuates the Catholic doctrine from which it sprang; at first Protestantism approached Ammergau warily, with somewhat of antagonistic criticism as to bad taste and sacrilegious intent. But we may take Matthew Arnold's statement as a conservative summary of the reasons for Protestant acceptance: "It agrees with what is seen . . . in literature, in the writings of Dissenters of the younger and more progressive sort, who show a disposition for regarding the Church of Rome historically rather than polemically, a wish to do justice to the undoubted grandeur of certain institutions and men produced by that Church, quite novel, and quite alien to the simple belief of earlier times, that between Protestants and Rome there was a measureless gulf fixed."

In addition, one may note that repeated renovations of the text have been made with a constant desire to reach the brotherhood of man idea; or, perhaps, as indication of a community sense of good taste; it is this feeling which prompted the omission, in the 1900 production, of the scene in which Veronica hands Christus a towel on which His image is imprinted.

Yet, notwithstanding this departure from the type, there are still sufficient resemblances and relationships to adopt an historical method in dealing with this survival; the sermons delivered in the church, exhorting the players to be faithful to their parts — the Prologue and Choruses, recitative in content and reflective of the Greek plays — the human grief of the Mother before the cross, so like the mediæval spirit of the Marienklagen — the simple realism of the descent from the cross, suggestive of early English, French, and German plays of similar topic — these details are strikingly characteristic of passion play performances in general.

Unlike the large mediæval dramas in their prime, the Oberammergau production occupies only one day, during which time, between the hours of eight and five, but one intermission is allowed. The seventeen acts form a play about four times the length of an ordinary four-act modern drama. Formerly the mysteries and passion plays stretched over a period of several days in performing.

The *Actes des Apôtres* contained 61,908 lines, while a mystery of the *New Testament* exceeded 180,000 verses, — according to Petit de Julleville, sixty-six times the length of *Polyeucte.*

II

An understanding of the historical significance of the Oberammergau Passion Play requires a perspective survey of the sources, a short discussion of the Crucifixion and Resurrection scenes in the early religious drama. Research has established the fact that the beginnings of the modern drama are to be found in the early Church service. The fate of the one was intimately connected with that of the other until, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the dramatic elements slowly encroached and overbalanced the religious, and resulted in a definite separation of the two. One naturally would expect to find dramatic activity centred around the two pivotal events of the church service — Christmas and Easter.

While the Easter plays appeared first in the development, the Christmas cycles allowed of immediate larger scope, of amplification departing from the strict order of the Scriptures. But, for several centuries, the dramatists were careful not to approach those details of Christ's death which formed the most sacred elements in the service. The Resurrection was chiefly dealt with until about the fifteenth century, when the Crucifixion received extensive treatment.

Despite the encroachment of popular situations and local allusions, the great Tragedy never received anything but reverential handling; yet through every scene flowed the elements of time and place. From its liturgical period, through its transition stage, to the era of the mystery, miracle, and morality plays, the drama was fraught with social significance, and occupied a vital place in the civic life and in the national development.

In the Easter liturgy, after the *Surrexit Dominus vere* [The Lord hath truly risen], the service proceeded as follows: 1. Psalms; 2. The Lord's Prayer; 3. Blessing; 4. Mark xvi.; 5. Three lessons of the day (commentaries). The first dramatic element was introduced after the third response; the choir split in twain, and from one side stepped forth three priests to represent the Maries, while from the other side two advanced, representing the women at the grave. Scenically, the altar was the holy sepulchre, even as it was the manger during the Christmas celebrations.

Proceeding to the altar, the Maries are met by the women who chant, *Quem quaeritis*, etc., "Whom seek ye in the sepulchre, O Christians?" The answer is given: "Jesus of Nazareth, the Crucified, O dwellers in heaven." The response follows: "He is not here; He hath arisen, as was prophesied. Go ye and proclaim that He hath arisen from the tomb."

Then, either as a response, or in the form of a statement to the congregation, the women at the tomb add: "The Lord is truly risen, as He hath said; behold, He shall go before you into Galilee, where you shall see Him. Hallelujah, hallelujah!"

Thereafter the officiants resumed the regular service, *Te Deum laudamus*.

Such interpolations were designated *tropes*, and consisted either in entirely new material which was inserted during the service, or in certain passages expanded by the introduction of more extensive phrasing. The question and response characteristics were carried further in the accentuation of individuals from the choir group, who represented different characters engaged in dialogue. The priest was turning dramatist.

The *tropes* are of the tenth century, scholars claiming, however, that the form must have existed as early as the ninth century. A description taken from an English record contains the church background for such rudimentary plays.* It reads:

"While the third lesson is being recited, four brethren [of the monastery] shall costume themselves, and one of these, who is to act a different part from the rest, shall enter, clothed in a long white garment [alb], and, going to a position at the side of the tomb [altar], shall sit there quietly, holding a palm branch in his hand. And when the third response has been completed, the other three shall come up, dressed in long flowing garments, and bearing illuminated censers in their hands; and they shall go to the tomb slowly, as if looking for something. And now, when he who is sitting at the tomb observes these approach, . . . he shall begin by singing softly, 'Whom seek ye?'

"Finding the linens from Christ's body,

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* I have elsewhere treated of the Christmas cycle and of the history of miracle, mystery, and morality plays.

they shall put down their censers, take up the linens, and spread them out before the clergy, as if they wished to show the Lord had risen, and was no longer wrapped in them. Having sung the antiphony, ‘the Lord is risen from the tomb,’ they shall place the linens upon the altar.”

The introduction of the actual person of Christ was preceded in the historical development by ceremonials in which the cross figured as the symbol. But this reticence did not prevent the *trope* from being expanded until it reached the proportions of a passion play. Such increase or enlargement was mainly secured through emphasis on particular scenes, or through accretion, the crude joining of old material with new to produce a continuous picture.

The following extracts from manuscripts of different dates indicate something of the growth in scope and in action.

According to a German manuscript of the twelfth century, the Maries on the way to the tomb sing: “Who will roll away for us the stone at the mouth of the sepulchre?” Deacons, as angels, chant: “Whom seek ye,” etc., according to the St. Gall interpolations, while the Maries respond, “Jesus of Nazareth," etc., as before. The angels chant, "He is not here," going beyond the St. Gall text with "Come ye and behold the place where the Lord was laid. Hallelujah, hallelujah!" Those who stand before the altar now sing the antiphony: "The Lord is risen from the tomb. He who for our sakes hung upon the Cross. Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah!"

Turning to an Italian manuscript of the fourteenth century [Cathedral, Cividale], we find that, after the antiphony, the Maries proceed to the tomb in order to see the wrappings, according to the command of the angels, and, returning to the choir with the wrappings, sing: "We came to the sepulchre lamenting, and saw sitting there the Lord's angel, telling us that Jesus was arisen." The Maries now sing: "Behold, O brethren, behold the linens and the winding sheet, and the body is not found in the sepulchre." After the choir has proclaimed the resurrection, the service is resumed, *Te Deum laudamus*.

Further development was more pronounced and more rapid with the introduction of new characters and new text, where heretofore there had been only variation.

In a manuscript of the eleventh or twelfth century the Apostles Peter and John are introduced, according to the Gospel of St. John, 20: 1 *seq.* Mary Magdalene tells of the resurrection — a scene which follows the customary colloquy of the Maries and the angels. The directions indicate that "while the antiphony is being sung, two priests, representing John and Peter, shall come to the sepulchre, and, taking up the wrapping cloth, shall turn about, come forward, facing the people and the clergy, singing: 'Behold, O brethren, behold the linens and the winding-sheet; and the body is not found in the sepulchre.'"

This action having occurred, the clergy shall give the antiphony as in earlier texts, while the choir does more than interpolate, when they sing: "Let the Jews now tell how the soldiers, guarding the sepulchre, lost the King, though a rock was placed over the entrance of His tomb. Why kept they not the Rock of Justice? Let them either give back the Buried One, or adore, with us, the Risen One, saying, Hallelujah." From this point the service is resumed.

It will be seen that, while these small dramas are distinctly liturgical, the additions are not mere Bible paraphrases. The treatment is guarded though varied. In John 20: 11 *seq.*, the mediæval dramatist found sanction for the introduction of Jesus. This particular incident was a favourite scene with the celebrants of the thirteenth century, while there is one manuscript dated as early as the twelfth century. A Prague drama in addition contains a scene in which the Maries, on their way to the tomb, stop in order to buy spices and ointments.

This dramatic action, as outlined, took place in the church during the service, and was enacted by the clergy. The recitative character of the dialogue had its educational value, since it made the sequence of events evident to a congregation ignorant of Latin.

The ceremonials in which the cross was used, representing the body as well as symbolizing the passion of Christ, contain varied colour; there is much in them to accord with the dramatic and pantomimic character of the liturgy of the Mass. In a description of the Burial of the Cross, according to Chambers, one source directs the monks to go shoeless from Good Friday "until the cross is adored." "In the principal service of the day, which begins at nones, the reading of the Passion according to St. John, and a long series of prayers are included. Then a cross is made ready and laid upon a cushion a little way in front of the altar. It is unveiled, and the anthem, *Ecce lignum crucis*, is sung. The Abbot advances, prostrates himself, and chants the seven penitential Psalms. Then he humbly kisses the cross. His example is followed by the rest of the monks and by the clergy and congregation."

Then, according to St. Ethelwold: "Let them carry it [the cross] . . . singing anthems, until they come to the place of the monument [sepulchre], and there, having laid down the cross, as if it were the buried body of our Lord Jesus Christ, let them say an anthem. And here let the holy cross be guarded with all reverence until the night of the Lord's resurrection. By night let two brothers or three, or more if the throng be sufficient, be appointed, who may keep faithful wake there, chanting psalms." *

The Resurrection Ceremonial is equally as solemn. The source reads: "Uppon Easter Day, betweene three and four of the clocke in the morninge . . . two of the oldest Monkes of the Quire came to the Sepulchre, being sett upp upon Good Friday, after the Passion, all covered with red velvett and embrodered with gold, and then did sence it, either Monke with a pair of silver sencers sittinge on theire knees before the sepulchre. Then they both rising came to the Sepulchre, out of which, with great devotion and reverence, they tooke a marvellous beautifull IMAGE OF OUR SAVIOUR, representing the resurrection, with a crosse in his hand. . . . Then, after the elevation of the said picture, carryed by the said two Monkes uppon a faire velvett cushion, all embrodered, singinge the anthem of *Christus resurgens*, they brought it to the High Altar. . . ." *

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* This whole subject is graphically treated by Chambers, *The Mediæval Stage*, Vol. II. (Oxford, Clarendon Press), pp. 14 *seq.*, p. 310, Appendix P.

This is a unique picture, with the church or cathedral as a scenic background, the members of the congregation intent on every movement that brought them their slim knowledge of Bible lore, the story made doubly vivid as they saw it unfolded before them, the priests in ecclesiastical robes, swaying through the long aisles, their voices resonant in the high arches, their lighted tapers like stars in the shadow.

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* See Chambers.

Of the costumes, Chambers,* basing his descriptions on various authorities, writes: "The Maries had their heads veiled, and wore surplices, copes, chasubles, dalmatics, or the like. These were either white or coloured. At Fécamp one, presumably the Magdalene, was in red, the other two in white. . . . The angels, or angel, as the case might be, sat within the sepulchre or at its door. They, too, had vestments, generally white, and veiled or crowned heads. At Narbonne, and probably elsewhere, they had wings. They held lights, a palm, or an ear of corn, symbolizing the resurrection. The Apostles are rarely described, the ordinary priestly robes doubtless sufficed. At Dublin, St. John, in white, held a palm, and St. Peter, in red, the keys. In the earliest Prague version of the Christ scene, the Christ seems to be represented by one of the angels. At Nuremberg, the *dominica persona* has a crown and bare feet. . . ."

Popular dramatic taste began, during the twelfth century, to contend with the liturgical drama, resulting in changes of vital significance in form and spirit. The Latin tongue of the *tropes* was gradually superseded by the introduction of the vernacular, at first merely interpolative, but increasing bit by bit until, in the thirteenth century, one finds a play written entirely in French, save for the Latin *dramatis personœ.*

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* *The Mediæval Stage,* Vol. II. p. 34.

This piece is called *La Résurrection*, and is but the fragment of a manuscript. The scope of the play extends from the time when Joseph asks Pilate for Christ's body, to the moment when Caiaphas and his soldiers guard the tomb, awaiting the predicted resurrection of the dead. Here the expansion of the subject-matter is striking, and foreshadows the extensive fifteenth century mysteries, in which the entire life of Christ was traced, with Old Testament references, a formula characterizing the Oberammergau play.

Even though it is a fragment, *La Résurrection* marks the transition development in an excellent manner. The prologue is particular as to the stage setting, which was fixed, according to the "stations" of the mediæval platform. The author, a product of his age, speaks of "don" Joseph and Nicodemus, and refers to the vassals of Caiaphas; even Joseph in his greeting to Pilate shows the mediæval spirit of temporal inferiority, by his submissive *Monseigneur.* And in return Pilate, forsaking not his pagan associations, rejoins: "Let Hercules, who killed the dragon, and destroyed the old Gerion, give wealth and honour to him who greets me so tenderly." The sudden changes in scene called for in so small a drama were accomplished by the actor merely stepping from one indicated spot to the other, a movement which demanded the assistance of the imagination on the part of the audience.

It is typical of the development in both the Christmas and Easter cycles that the incidents in certain plays became in turn distinct dramas themselves. Adam figures as one of the Prophets in the "Prophets of Christ"; he also is the centre of a separate action which grew out of a desire to accentuate his importance. This is why the mediæval dramatist, when he found material already prepared and to his liking, appropriated it; this is why the two methods of growth, by accretion and assimilation, were dependent upon the idea of common possession which recognized no conscious plagiarism. And so the student meets with cycles around the Virgin and Mary Magdalene which later are conjoined in the greater passion plays.

These latter are chiefly preserved in French and German manuscripts, and are so enormous in length as to make one marvel at the ponderousness of the rôles memorized and enacted. Human and realistic elements crept in, but in characterization there was little effort to do more with the Christ than to reflect the high idealism and fervour of the Bible. Even in the Oberammergau play there is no theatric endeavour to over-accentuate Christus. A critic* states that "literally no attempt to define, draw out, or give an interpretation of the character of our Lord is made by the thoughtful enthusiast who represents Him; that the realisms of the scene and obligato touches of homely character are given principally to the inferior parts."

The passion play, so highly developed in Germany, is not a species in the English development; yet the English cycles trace the course of events from Creation to the Judgment and exhibit the *tone* of all religious drama; for, no matter what the national elements might be in England, France, and Germany, a common origin, a similar religious impulse, a secularization similar in motive if not in process, served to produce similarity of spirit, especially noticeable because of the similarity of the material employed. Therefore in a Towneley mystery (T. xxiii.) the following Crucifixion dialogue contains much of Oberammergau in essence, besides expressing a characteristic mediæval naïveté.

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* Tyrwhitt.

Pilate commands silence under threat to whomsoever breaks it, and thus discourses:

I am a lord that mekill [much] is of myght,
prince of all Iury, sir pilate I hight,
Next Kyng herode grettyst of all;
Bowys to my byddyng both greatt and small,
  Or els be ye shentt [destroyed];
Therfore stere youre tonges, I warn you all,
    And vnto vs take tent.

After the condemnation, the torturers converse among themselves about Christ, "this fals chuffer [boaster]," who claims He can perform miracles, yet is not able to save Himself. They prepare for the Crucifixion:

Lo, here I haue a bande,
If nede be to bynd his hande. . . .

Lo, here a hamere and nales also,
ffor to festen fast oure foo. . . .

The action progresses, and the torturers reach Calvary with Christ. They mock His Godhead; if He be true Knight [mediæval touch], He will sit His horse [the cross] well.

Then, as they bind His body, the realism of the dialogue becomes intensified:

SECUNDUS TORTOR. Knyt thou a knott with
all thi strength,
ffor to draw this arme on lengthe,
Tyll it com to the bore. . . .

QUARTUS TORTOR. yit drawe out this arme
and fest it fast,
With this rope that well will last,
And ilk man lay hand to. . . .

IJUS TORTOR. Do dryfe a nayll ther thrugh outt,
And then thar vs nothyng doutt,
ffor it will not brest [burst]. . . .

PRIMUS TORTOR. hald downe his knees. . . .

TERCIUS TORTOR. Draw out hys lymmes, let
se, haue at! . . .

PRIMUS TORTOR. hald it now fast thor,
And oone of you take the bore. . . .

As they begin to draw the cross into place with ropes, they vie with each other in their enthusiasm, and then fall to accusing each in turn of not giving his full effort. When at last the cross is raised, they again mock Jesus, self-satisfied as to their work. Gazing at the cross firmly held, one of them says, "A, it standys vp lyke a mast!"

Then, in His agony, Jesus speaks:

I pray you pepyll that passe me by,
That lede youre lyfe so lykandly,
  heyfe vp youre hartys on hight!
Behold if euer ye sagh body
Buffet & bett thus blody,
  Or yit thus dulfully dight. . . .
My folk, what haue I done to the,
That thou all thus shall tormente me? . . .
What haue I greuyd the? answere me,
That thou thus nalys me to a tre. . . .

Then follows this paraphrase:

Bot, fader, that syttys in trone,
  fforgyf thou them this gylt,
I pray to the this boyn [prayer],
Thay wote [know] not what thay doyn,
  Nor whom thay haue thus spylt.

The torturers further show their cruelty by joggling the cross. Without any indication of scene-change, the action passes to Mary's lament, very like the German Marienklagen of the thirteenth century:

MARIA. Alas! the doyll I dre [endure],
    I drowpe, I dare [lie hid] in drede!
Whi hyngys thou, son, so hee?
  My bayll [misfortune] begynnes to brede,
All blemshyd is thi ble [complexion],
  I se thi body blede!
In warld son, were neuer we
  So wo as I in wede. . . .

ffestynd both handys and feete
With nalys full vnmete,
his wounds wrynyng wete,
  Alas, my childe, for care! . . .

John fain would comfort her, but she cannot control the mother-grief. Why may not death slay her also? Jesus calls her "my mother mylde," assuring her that He suffers for the salvation of the world.

The scene again changes without indication, and the torturers offer Christ a bitter drink, bidding Him perform a miracle. They likewise divide His clothes among themselves.

After the Saviour gives up the ghost, which reminds one of the fact that in some of the early dramas the characters included a separate person for the "gast," there occurs the scene in which Longinus is forced to drive his spear into the body. This and the dialogue between Joseph and Nicodemus are reminiscent of *La Résurrection.*

Even as the Mary Magdalene scenes occupied large and definite space in the Benediktbeur and Wiener passion plays,* so the Marienklagen, at a period when the Latin-German drama was passing into the vernacular, had an individual development, and whether or not they were fragments of larger dramas, it is none the less certain that they formed a *genre* peculiar to early German drama, and reflective of a pronounced German *Marienkultus.*

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* See Mone and other German references.

Some authorities believe that the German Christians sang of Mary with the same intensity that the minnesingers lauded the national heroes in their *lieds* and *sagas.* These Marienklagen,* based upon the Latin "sequence," were subjected to the same transforming influences as the *trope;* they were characterized by lyricism and dramatic power, and, because of the few personages required in the performances, were much sought after by village communities. The same human love of the Mother for her Son is reflected and intensified in the Oberammergau Passion Play.

III

There are two characteristics of the Oberammergau Passion Play which were common among the miracle plays of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; many of them were presented with a direct object of warding off the pest, an interesting example being found in 1497, when "Saint Sebastian" was given at Chalon-sur-Saone * — and others contained in their casts entire families. If possible, the early miracles and passion plays were enacted with more grandeur, on a larger scale, and, being more directly under the patronage of royalty, the players received more adequate remuneration for their services. So large were some of these productions that special confréries in France were organized with the direct object of giving a single performance of a piece lasting twenty-five days. That there was small profit to the organizations may be seen by the figures representing the receipts (4,680 livres, 14 sous, 6 deniers) and the expenditures (4,179 livres, 4 sous, 9 deniers) of a Passion played at Valenciennes in 1547.

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* See Froning.

The history of passion plays has not received adequate treatment by the English student; the material is rich and varied and full of human interest, and its civic character or connection fraught with grandeur of pomp and with simple superstition. The account-books of the gilds contain entries indicating the expense of the costumes, which

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* See De Julleville, I. 346.

were often borrowed, as were also those used at Oberammergau until 1830, when the community decided to purchase its own wardrobe; now every costume is duplicated,— for bad and good weather.

It is the general impression that the Oberammergau Passion Play began in 1633 or more probably in 1632, according to Daisenberger, when Caspar Schuchler, a labourer, brought the scourge to Ammergau; but research has clearly indicated that this survival was subjected to an evolutionary development distinctive of the *genre*. Besides which, an examination of the older texts will show that the theatre itself, though departing from the distinctive features of the mediæval stage, is reminiscent of the latter in the arrangement of its stations.

The reader can do no better than turn to Hermine Diemer's "Oberammergau and its Passion Play" for a history of the village and its historical connections. With Munich, the Bavarian capital, as a starting-point, mediævalism flows toward Oberammergau, touched by the hand of modern improvement, in the midst of which the traveller meets with legend and monumental landmarks of Bavarian princes. Whatever people may say about the close proximity of Munich being a disadvantage to the simple existence of Ammergau, much of the lustre of Bavarian history has been shared by the little village; every year steam and electricity bring it closer to the art centre, and there is no doubt that the conquest of mountain fastness in this way will eventually make it impossible for the peasants or even the better class of villagers to exist untouched by cosmopolitan life. But, to counteract this, there still remains the tradition, evidences of which dot the road-ways and decorate the exterior of hall and home.

But when change comes to Ammergau, it will gain its effect through mental revolution rather than through the shifting of commercial or industrial relations. The spirit of the mountains and the influence of Ettal descend, as of yore, into the valley, while the river Ammer refuses to relinquish its ancient associations, just as the river Thames stands a bulwark against the encroachments of trade.

The valleys around Unterammergau were the favourite haunts of King Ludwig II. The villages leading to the home of the Passion Play are all associated with German history;

they all have had their feudal counts and they all boast of their national advantages and beauties. It is when the traveller reaches Oberau that the spirit of Oberammergau begins to work; here Daisenberger was born, here Andreas Lang has placed one of his famous Crucifixion groups, here are the crude stations of the cross to which Dean Farrar so emphatically objected on the score of bad art as well as of a lack of religious reticence.

From Oberau also the mountain road to Ettal, once so treacherous because of the deep tarns and sudden depressions, leads through scenery of romantic variety. As Madame Diemer expresses it,— after describing the danger of precipice,— the rivulets, "the mountain's tears," trickle down "from eyes of stone, fringed by the dark eyelashes of the pine trees." Yet this country of Tyrolean ruggedness has its gentle aspect also: the roads that lead toward Oberammergau are not strangers to marigolds or gentians or forget-me-nots, however familiar with the slide of snow or the shifting of ice. The poetic and romantic quality of the environment, the Jesuitical, mediæval tradition of Ettal Monastery, the cross which hovers high above the village of Oberammergau, on a crest known as the "Kofl" — the panoramic glimpse of the home of the Passion Play, with this cross, the church, and the theatre comprising the first objects to catch the eye — all these are the outward instructions to the novitiate who pilgrimages to this home of religious drama.

It is not our object to give the local history of Oberammergau, save as it materially affects the development of the play and its immediate production. The guidebooks in sentimental language will convey the necessary data which are in no manner as satisfactory as the album prepared by Madame Diemer or as the records penned by Daisenberger. In a country where every happening is either born in a train of historic or supernatural occurrences or else becomes the centre of future legend, a book alone might be devoted to such detail.*

Ammergau was known to the Romans, whose blood flows in the peasants' veins. It lay along the direct military and commercial route between Augsburg and Verona; it was concerned with the fate of the Guelfs for over two hundred years, and then, in 1314, when the Bavarian Prince Ludwig became German Emperor, Ammergau rose into prominence. For the monarch was visited by a monk who promised him peace if to the holy Mother a monastery was raised in Bavaria for the Benedictine Order. Thus Ettal came into being, and thus early the Ammer valley could boast of Augsburg and Jesuit tradition. I am inclined, with Hartmann, to believe that when Ettal restored the Augsburg road, it linked the Oberammergau Passion Play with the larger history of passion plays in general. The whole art fervour of the Ammergau people seems to have been encouraged by their early association with Augsburg and Nuremberg.

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* C. Trautmann: "Oberammergau und sein Passionsspiel." See his descriptions of the founding of Ettal. This monastery, included in a district popularly known as the "priest-pen," was in a group of convents with Benediktbeuren, from which the mediæval passion manuscript was derived.

The student has to study the mediæval relationship existing between a German village and the ecclesiastical institution overshadowing it. In 1356, Oberammergau "was a parish of its own, which was subservient to the Convent of Rottenbuch"; hence there was much to be adjusted between the two, an adjustment which, in the case of each, involved the history of the other. One may understand, therefore, how it was that Oberammergau should have been greatly affected by the state of monastic culture in mediæval Germany. Ettal influenced both her Passion Play and her wood-carving.

Among these monastic bodies the artistic and scientific impulses were strong; especially the latter, since a certain scientific tradition was preserved, which eventually led toward the establishment of a Bavarian Academy of Science (1758). Thus the convents were regarded as the centres of a staid intellectual life. The clerical influence was dissolved in 1803, the culmination of a struggle involving due consideration of the Reformation, the Counter-Reformation, and the variable attitude of the State toward the Church. The parish and civic interests of the times were closely interwoven.

The proximity of the monastery to Oberammergau, moreover, influenced her commercial prosperity, and in a modified form there developed among her people organizations resembling the mediæval gilds. Even at the present time, the communal unity of the village, while deeper and more spiritual than the craft motive, suggests a resemblance to the early Passion organizations. Judged by the standards of the day, Oberammergau during this early period enjoyed many opportunities and advantages of a cosmopolitan town, for records indicate that not only did artists visit Ettal, but also that Ammergau art students travelled to Augsburg for instruction. In lieu of direct proof, this fact is significant, establishing a connection between the text of the 1662 Passion Play and the Augsburg drama, besides indicating the outside impulse given to the Oberammergau wood-carving which had thus early become famed.

The scourge, which represents the popular starting-point for the history of the Passion Play, appeared in the wake of war; since early times the little village has had its quota of disturbance, has suffered the brunt of national strife; it has been in direct line between contending Palatinates; it has witnessed repeated inroads, Ettal, in especial, representing the chief centre of pillage. In fact, Oberammergau has experienced diverse dissensions which characterized ununified Germany. During the Thirty Years' War, Swedes and Austrians, each in turn, fell upon the community, in the wars of Louis XIV (1680), in the Austrian War of Inheritance (1740), in the Napoleonic upheavals (1796–1809), fire and sword left their marks in the village. The peace of the Ammergauers has come from spiritual resolve.

We have now to bear in mind two significant dates, — the establishment of Ettal in 1330, and the institution of the decennial performances of the Passion Play. Previous to 1634, the religious drama was extensively performed throughout Bavaria. The Benediktbeuer manuscripts are relics of those times; while Munich and Innsbruck records indicate the support of magnificent productions.

There is conflicting evidence for those who would connect the development of Oberammergau's drama with the convents of Ettal and Rottenbuch. Madame Diemer, a stanch refuter of Trautmann's assertions in support of Jesuitical influence on the play, denies the connection, while Jackson is authority for the following claim:

"Even Daisenberger admitted . . . that the monks of Ettal may have aided the villagers in carrying out their vow. Dr. Holland is of the opinion that the Passion Play was introduced into Ammergau simultaneously with the craft of wood-carving. For both acquisitions, he thinks, they were indebted to the monks of Rothenbuch [Augustine order]. The date which he gives is the twelfth century.

"And, indeed, as to the supposition that the Passion Play dates from the pestilence of 1633, we have already hinted that it is totally unfounded. Leaving, however, to Rothenbuch the credit of having first prepared the text and introduced the religious drama into Ober Ammergau, it is probable that, as soon as the monastery of Ettal was established, the latter took the immediate guidance of any existing dramatic elements into their hands. That both the monks of Rothenbuch and of Ettal had religious plays cannot be controverted; for in 1803, when the property of the suppressed Bavarian monasteries was put up at auction, costumes used in the religious plays were sold, and the community of Ober Ammergau purchased from Ettal a number of dresses, some of which they still used in 1870."

Let us grant, therefore, that throughout Germany the passion play, as a form and as a pledge, was familiar; that such dramas, together with the high processionals of Corpus Christi and minor festival observances, if they did not actually encourage the Ammergau community to enact the Birth and Death of Christ before 1634, at least induced them to undertake such a production when they were stricken by pestilence; and that thus, once determined, they reached out toward their flourishing friends, the communities of Augsburg and Nuremberg, the former especially affording them the basis for their play. This evolutionary growth we will consider after we have noted how well and how uninterruptedly the Ammergauers adhered to their decennial pledge.

For the first production an open-air stage was prepared, and, until 1674, the drama was presented with regularity; then it was decided to give the next performance in 1680, so as to have the accepted decade date. About this time the audiences were promised the luxury of seats!

By interdict, in 1770, the Passion Plays around Oberammergau were summarily stopped, but the famous little village protested so effectively, presenting the spiritual and material advantages in such graphic manner, that, for the time being, the restrictions were removed from this special locality. (Diemer, pp. 67 *seq.*)

Such official opposition was aggravated

by rough and unseemly handling of particular Passion scenes by the actors * — a coarsening which was sometimes evident as a concession to popular appeal. But gradually the governmental jurisdiction relaxed in its power, and the Ammergauers, approaching their 1780 period, forwarded a petition to the Government, together with a copy of their Passion text, which, according to Blondel, had been modified with an idea to forestall any possible censorship. This modification, unless relating to minor changes, must have referred to the Weilheim version, considered in Hartmann's study.

The Passion Play had an enemy around 1810 in the Bavarian minister, Count Montgelas, who, Schroeder states, had steadily opposed every petition of the Ammergauers, but who, on March 3, 1811, was chagrined to find that the royal permission was set above his official opposition. It was during this period that Weiss further revised the Passion language, casting it into more literary form.

Oberammergau had thus in many respects received favourable governmental discrimi-

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* In Jean Michel's "Resurrection," Christ is interrupted in His discourse by drinking-songs. An interesting field of study is the development of the French fifteenth century "fou." See De Julleville.

nation, not only for the Passion Play, but for the secondary dramas, not unknown during the intermediate years, such as the "Kreuzesschule." However small the village, and however dependent for its fame upon a single custom, in its local history Oberammergau was not lacking in distinction or in communal activity; the inhabitants, far from ranking as peasants, often attained comfortable positions, betokening considerable wealth. But the prosperity was reflective of greater activity around; commercial roadways and monastic importance were the brawn and sinew of the civic life.

It is only necessary for us to note two additional facts in the history of Oberammergau. The state of Germany in the eighteenth century was marked by violent extremes of religious thought and action; the secularization of the clergy in 1803 was the culmination of a long series of historical events, and, with the fall of Ettal, the judicial court was removed from Ammergau, while commercial depression was followed by the numbing effects of war. The villagers now turned to their Passion Play to save them, but its production in many respects, while it brought them fame, hardly afforded them pecuniary gain until later years. In 1870, the performance was interrupted; some of the players, including Christus Mayr, went to the wars; that is why the decennial regularity was broken by the production of 1871.

A distinctive feature of the mediæval religious drama was its close connection with the Church,* being enacted within the church edifice, until its increasing scope and growing popularity forced it into the churchyard, thence into the streets and fields. Previous to 1830, the Oberammergau Passion Play was performed in the cemetery, but thereafter it was removed to its present site, where the theatre has undergone numerous modifications and doubtful improvements. After 1830, also, the fame of the village began to attract the tourist; this was due either to the visits of royalty or to the descriptive data about the drama which were being published.

In 1830, on its removal from the cemetery, the strictly personal and local phase of the

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* Jackson writes: "In a hundred ways, indeed, the village church is a preparatory school for the Ammergau drama. . . . Among the principal occasions when . . . processions take place, we may mention Palm Sunday, Corpus Christi, and a day devoted to thanksgiving, when Mass is celebrated at Ettal."

Oberammergau Passion Play departed; by 1840, Ludwig Steub, Guido Görres, and Baron de Roisin had written their comments and impressions, and, in 1850, Éduard Devrient had made further investigations. The spread in interest, international after a fashion, did not escape severe criticism of an emotional kind, — which, if it served no other purpose, prevented a popular effort to commercialize the play by taking it out of its environment and bringing it to America.

Four ancient texts of the Oberammergau Passion Play have been published, with a carefully analyzed commentary, by Dr. August Hartmann; they indicate an interrelation of a character reflective of the processes of mediæval growth — not cyclic, but incorporative. By their evident connection they point to the fact, already stated, that the drama must have been in existence, and most probably was performed, much earlier than 1634; Holland's similar belief was founded upon the rapidity with which the Ammergau peasants put their vow into execution.

Recollecting the importance played by Augsburg in the history of Oberammergau, it is not difficult to accept Hartmann's theory that the Ammergau people, in 1634, had at hand the Augsburg text of St. Ulrich and Afra, and that, with such text as a basis, the play penned by the meistersinger, Sebastian Wild, together with the manuscript credited to "Weilheim" Johann Älbl (circa 1609), was incorporated, thus affecting the text of 1662, which is the principal source to consider.

Should the student make a careful comparative study of the early Oberammergau texts, it would be necessary for him to have recourse to the many manuscripts which bear evidence of repeated modification; every decennial "prompt-book" contains the record. At the same time that he is indicating these changes, there should be some official recording, other than that now preserved in the expense accounts and in isolated notes, of the "business" inserted during rehearsals. Such editing should be done, not so much for its artistic value — since the Passion Drama must always stand on the merits of its last production — as for the historical interest in those details which measure the demands of advancing time.

In no way has the text of the Oberammergau Passion Play become fixed, and, as a matter of fact, the music has been subjected to similar modifications which are likely to continue for some while.* In 1750 and 1760, an adaptation of the drama was made by Father Rosner, a Benedictine, and was used by the Ammergauers; this version was simplified in 1780, by Father Magnus Knipfelberger. One attempt was made (see Sepp's account of 1850) to restore a mediæval tone to the play by adopting an over-rhythmic verse.

The most satisfactory refinement of the text was accomplished by Father Ottmar Weiss (1810–1815), a version which contained a prologue attributed to one Allioli. With this to work upon, Daisenberger, who was Weiss's pupil, prepared his Alexandrine form, which deviated from his teacher's book not so much in fundamentals as in ornamental accessories.

Trautmann's declarations that the existence of the Passion Play of Oberammergau is due to Jesuitical influence, that in its form and in the very arrangement of its stage it was reflective of the Jesuit school of art, are vigorously opposed by Madame Diemer, on the ground that the Passion Play is the product of Germanic, *national* impulse. This view is strictly one of research importance and has no direct bearing here.

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* Defenders of the Passion music believe that it has been handicapped by an inadequate orchestra. The musical conductor, Ferdinand Feldigl, has written a pamphlet, "Die Oberammergauer Passionsmusik." The reader is likewise referred to a brochure entitled "Das Passionsspiel in Oberammergau von Cyrill Kistler," Munich. Dedler's original score was mysteriously spirited away to England. The chief source, therefore, for the present music is Guziel's manuscript (1869), based on an altered Dedler score. The 1900 revision was done by F. Feldigl and Ed. Lang, who resorted to Dedler's church music for additional material. See Diemer, p. 150.

It may be said of the St. Ulrich and Afra text that in many respects it is typically mediæval, containing the humanism, the realism, and, to a limited extent, the theology of the Church drama of the period—a theology, however, neither learned nor systematized. In its German, also, the philologist will find sufficient proof to place the manuscript in the fifteenth century, if not earlier.

An extended examination of this basic text will reveal many characteristics common to mediæval drama in general. The *Proclamator* is a replica of the fifteenth and sixteenth century *prompter*, or, as the French mysteries styled him, *meneur du jeu*. Through such a role the moral significance of the play was explained, largely depending for effect upon anticipation on one hand, and upon exhortation on the other. The later developments of this type are the *Doctour* in the morality play, "Everyman," and the *Prologue* or *Chorus* in such chronicle plays of Shakespeare as "Henry V."

Another distinctive feature of the St. Ulrich and Afra text is the "after-piece" which depicts Christ in Hell, where His forerunners—the Prophet group of early dramas—await Him for their salvation, and in which, after the Ascension, the three Maries come to the grave and discover the stone rolled away.

The 1662 text begins with a modified prologue taken from Wild's drama; it then leans very heavily on the St. Ulrich and Afra version. It contains the character of Satan, who generally figured in the Passion Play previous to 1750, and who read a letter from Lucifer—a letter aimed to counteract the good effects of the Prologue. Hartmann carefully considers this 1662 text; to him I would refer the student. Certain scenes, as given in this manuscript (the original of which is in possession of G. Lang sel. Erben, Oberammergau) are preserved in the present-day version.* All of this text evidence will some day be gathered in accessible variorum form. A complete critical examination would point to the advisability of reviving some of the ancient, effective scenes which have been lost or discarded during the repeated revisions the drama has undergone.

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* Madame Diemer's analysis will be an excellent guide for the English reader; in its attitude it reveals the fact that there are Ammergauers not at all satisfied with the present version of the Passion Play.

In all details bearing upon the text and music score of the Passion Play, the Ammergauer's dissatisfaction evinces an innate opposition to modern influence — an opposition which constitutes its preservative force. External dangers likewise are regarded askance; Madame Diemer deplores the tendency toward the theatrical in the costuming, in the acting, and in the introduction of stage machinery; she regards the amplification of the theatre as a menace which threatens the pure simplicity of the performance.

By 1680, the Passion text of 1662 was well defined. To quote Blondel:

"Des remaniements moins heureux furent opérés au cours du XVIII siècle: on imagina des épisodes demi-burlesques, des diableries de mauvais goût. Des personnifications telles que le Péché, l'Avarice, l'Envie, furent introduites dans le drame; Satan y joua un rôle considérable; et, pour ne citer qu'un trait, des entrailles de Judas pendu (sous forme de mannequin) s'échappaient des saucisses que des diablotins dévoraient avec avidité: tel était le goût du temps."

The morality characteristics referred to were inserted by Father Rosner.

If, according to Trautmann, it is difficult to conceive of the Oberammergau Passion Play as being enacted on the storied pageant wagon, it is not so difficult to imagine the early stage to have been constructed on the same principle as the "stations" which, in France, assumed such large proportions. The 1547 Passion Play at Valenciennes, as described by De Julleville (see the diagram in Gayley), is a representative type. There is much evidence to sustain this opinion, the central "station" or stage being the only one upon which scenery was moved.

So complicated and delicate have the arrangements now become for the Crucifixion scene, that an inner stage, directly behind and conjoined with the central one, being concealed therefrom by a drop curtain, is required for the preparations which were once realistically made in full view of the audience. The rôle of *Christus* is so exacting upon the actors that many have fainted on the cross, overcome with exertion and emotional strain. Anton Lang himself has described the awful moment when one of the bands giving support to his extended arm, slipped, forcing him, through the long Crucifixion scene, to hold his arm rigid by sheer muscular exertion.

Bearing in mind every possible accident that might befall the *Christus*, it is not surprising to find, in the text-book of the Passion Play for 1815, the following precautionary directions:

"They now remove the rope from his feet, and bind him with strips of linen round the body, hands, and arms, round the breast and loins, so that, should he become unconscious, he will not fall from the cross."

The variations in the different decennial texts suggest stage variations and changes in costumes. There has been no systematic cataloguing of these, and so the student in the future will have to be given access to the community account-books recording the extensive details and enormous proportions of the spectacle. The examination of these early stage directions will throw valuable light on the question as to how much actual dependence Oberammergau placed upon Augsburg and Nuremberg in her preparations until 1811.

It was then that Weiss encouraged the beneficiary, Unhoch, in his planning of a new theatre, for Weiss's text called for the stage innovations. About the year 1815, the Ammergauers purchased costumes, where heretofore their chief resource had been the neighbouring convents, which had loaned the necessary vestments to them. The entries of expense are as full of local colour as one finds in the mediæval gild records — and some of them are as naïvely ingenuous. Madame Diemer, in most points antagonistic to the critic's claim that the Passion Play was subject to Jesuitical influence, in respect to the costumes *does* grant that the priest's hand is evident. The expense-books, now the concern of the Town Council, were once regularly subjected to a strict judicial examination.

When Daisenberger was appointed pastor of Oberammergau in 1845, he began his revision of Father Weiss's text, devoting himself chiefly to the lyrical interpolations. In Oberammergau history there are many instances of authors submitting texts for presentation in place of the old versions, and, in 1888, the matter took official proportions when the Government of Upper Bavaria determined that the Passion Play needed new text and new music, — in fact, a complete new setting, — all to be done by Munich artists, Frau v. Hillern * to prepare the prose text. But the latter sensibly realized that no change of any kind might be forced upon the Ammergauers, and the Government finally relinquished the idea. Nevertheless, as an evident compromise, the vocal text was altered and made less tedious.

Nowhere has modern innovation had such a marked influence as in the mechanical aspects of the Passion Play. If Munich has not yet been able to upset tradition and to replace the old with a "made-to-order" text, she has encroached on the external details which, until 1880, in conception as well as in manufacture, had remained almost entirely in the hands of the villagers.

Munich architects and Viennese scene-painters transformed the Passion stage in 1890, adapting to its particular needs devices used in the Munich Court Theatre. In 1900,

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* Mother of Madame Diemer, the author we have been quoting.

the hall of the Passion Theatre was constructed, six iron arches forming the visible skeleton for an auditorium enclosed in the manner of large Exposition buildings—stucco being replaced by a combination of wood and canvas.

The guide-books contain sufficient descriptions of the theatre to make a repetition unnecessary here; nevertheless, two special items should be commented upon. The seating capacity of the theatre for each performance is distributed as follows:

I.	1598	seats	@	10	marks.*
II.	496	"	"	8	"
III.	544	"	"	6	"
IV.	668	"	"	4	"
V.	656	"	"	2	"
VI.	14	"	Royal.		
	3976	"			

On reading De Julleville, the amplitude of the Oberammergau auditorium decreases when one finds the statement that, in 1490 at Reims, a Crucifixion play was produced before 16,000 people. The same authority also states that at Auton, in 1516, a theatre was erected by the Church and the citizens, capable of seating 80,000 people. But the record does not indicate whether this calculation was based on one day's attendance, or included the series of days through which the lengthy drama was enacted. As far as Oberammergau is concerned, the number of seats, with three hundred standing-room added, must be multiplied by the number of performances. The Passion is played on Sundays, from May through September; sometimes, if the attendance warrants it, additional dates are announced during the week. In all, counting the dress rehearsal, there were twenty-eight performances in 1900.

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*1 mark = 24 cents (1909).

The general details of the Passion Play "barn" have now to be conducted in accordance with modern theatre ideas. The old unconscious quaintness has been lost beneath the decorative richness and the mechanical perfection which centre in a stage realism far from simple. The years to come will witness an interesting struggle in which, it is to be hoped, the deepening of a community spirit in the civic body will offset the threatening commercialization of the performance.

From reportorial sources I quote the proceeds and expenditures of the 1890 Passion

Play, so as to suggest some idea of what profits accrue from the decennial "business," as it is called:

STATEMENT ISSUED BY THE BÜRGERMEISTER*

1890

RECEIPTS	**Marks**
1. Tickets of admission	665,719.50
2. Sale of Photographs	27,000.00
3. Other Sources	2,004.57
	694,724.07

EXPENSES	
1. Interest on acquired funds	6,527.60
2. Building expenses, including material .	199,668.85
3. Salaries for Play (747 members) . . .	242,830.00
4. Distribution to 238 householders, 180 m. each	42,840.00
5. Distribution to 29 families, 100 m. each	2,900.00
6. Communal purposes: New hospital, sewers, water supply, roads, river banks, fire-engines, relief of soldiers, relief of poor, etc.	99,397.00
7. Other communal purposes: Fund for hospital, articles for church, increase of teachers' salaries, river banks, public lands, technical education, canals	100,000.00
8. Reserve	560.62
	694,724.07

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* Published in the New York *Nation*.

The Oberammergau Passion Play — a product of so many hands — is nevertheless usually identified in the mind of every true Ammergauer with three names. There was Father Ottmar Weiss (1769–1843), of Ettal, who, when the monastic secularization occurred, devoted himself to teaching in Oberau, and then did his work on the Passion text; there was Rochus Dedler (1779–1850), schoolmaster and composer, in which latter capacity his tradition dominates Oberammergau to-day; and finally, there was the beloved Geistlicher Rath Joseph Alois Daisenberger (1799–1883), whose priestly duties, varied and energetic, did not prevent him from devoting much time to literary labours.*

The preacher, the schoolmaster, and the woodcarver constitute the professional figures in Oberammergau, for in no essential should the participators in the Passion be regarded as theatrical devotees, however much the *Judas* of Gregor Lechner (1870) be remembered as the height of dramatic art. These men who play their parts have a large sense of the calling which forms so vital a proportion of their life-work; they are always keenly intent on improving the community spirit in accordance with their tradition rather than with the current time, and in their conception, they seek true feeling, which in some respects is above the subtlety of conscious art.

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* Daisenberger's other dramas, many of them given production in the training theatre, are as follows: "Theodolinde," "Otto von Wittelsbach," "Kaiser Ludwig der Baier; oder, Die Stiftung des Klosters Ettal." The religious dramas are: "Der Ägyptische Joseph," "Naboth," "Judith," "Genoveva," etc. His Passion Play was not performed, though parts of it have been used.

Daisenberger's sermons, as simple as his letters, show no superiority of temper, but a fervour suitable to the congregation before him. His appeal to his player friends shortly before the Passion Play was what one might expect of a pastor to his flock — the same simple purpose and marked sincerity which prompt the Ammergauers when they hear what rôles have been assigned to them by the community Council.

These appointments are usually made some time before the actual period of rehearsal; the elections for 1900 were held in December, 1899. One may imagine the feelings of Mayr when the mantle of *Christus* fell from his shoulders; worse still the feeling of Johann Zwink, son of the famous painter, when, after playing *St.*

John, he found himself cast for *Judas*. It would sometimes appear as though these electors tried not only to estimate the player's ability to act the rôle, an ability which a smaller theatre develops during intermediate years between the Passion decades, but likewise that they attempted to strengthen individual weakness by spiritual requirement. The one tremendous failing of Josef Mayr was his temper, which mounted to heights of ungovernable rage; imagine the psychology which entered into his preparation for the part of Christ!

IV

The chief charm of Oberammergau is its hold upon mediævalism in the richest sense. It is unnecessary to question the literary value of the play as a *genre*, since its weight is, or rather should be, spiritual. The Ammergauers live to ripe old age; they become veritable patriarchs, physically adapted to Bible rôles. Such men as Sebastian Deschler and Jakob Hett and Bürgermeister Lang are purveyors of tradition; in fact, all Oberammergau draws its life from tradition. That is why it is essential to realize the connection between the past and present, and it is the fear that some day the gap between mediævalism and modernism will become impossible to bridge that disturbs the true lovers of the Passion Play. What it means to the individual depends upon the attitude of the individual; there is little critical comment of a literary nature to be made upon the materials which are at the basis of a religion. Probably one might detect in the Passion Play a determined unification of events for the purpose of accentuating the designs of the Jews, — a motivation outside of the Bible intent, — and a careful delineation of *Judas*, around whom some of the most powerful stress of the play centres; otherwise the drama fulfils its initial mission. It is externalized for the purpose of inward effect; its art phases should strive to re-create the Bible story. If this is accomplished, then the Passion Play, as a *survival*,* satisfies one of the essential requirements of the early religious drama.

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* As an offshoot of the Oberammergau Passion Play, we should note the Swiss Passion Play, as given since 1890 at Selzach. Other minor examples are likewise to be found, but they are sporadic efforts to reproduce, rather than a growth emanating from the very life of a people.

In preparing this translation of the Passion Play, I have relied chiefly upon the German of three texts: that of Daisenberger, edited by Professor Brentano; W. T. Stead's stenographic reproduction of the dialogue; and the Huttler, Fischer edition of 1890 (Munich). I wish here to take the opportunity of expressing my indebtedness to Dr. August Hartmann's "Das Oberammergauer Passionsspiel in seiner ältesten Gestalt" and to Walter S. Manning's translation of Hermine Diemer's (née von Hillern) "Oberammergau and its Passion Play." It is a pleasure to acknowledge also the courteous assistance given me by the New York Astor Library, Harvard University, Columbia University, Mr. Louis How, and Mr. Samuel M. Weller.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

THE PASSION PLAY

The Passion Play

FIRST DIVISION

From the entrance of Christus into Jerusalem until the moment of His being taken prisoner on the Mount of Olives,

I. REPRESENTATION

Prologue

CHORUS (*Choragus*). Bend low, bend low in holy love,
God's curse hath bowed an humbled race.
Peace unto you! From Heaven above,
Where righteous wrath in justice reigns,
Yet pales before the touch of grace, —
So saith the Lord, "Eternal pains
Of Death from the Sinner I release.
I will forgive — he shall have peace!"
Thus came His Son to free the world. Oh, praise
To Thee we raise,
And thanks, Eternal One.
Thus came His Son!

TABLEAU: *The Expulsion from Paradise*

THE EXPULSION

This first picture serves as an introduction. Adam and Eve after their temptation are driven from the Garden of Eden.

CHORAGUS. Man is doomed from Eden's plains to wander,
In darkest sin his soul to live; on death to ponder.
The path to the Tree of Life to him denied,
By the flaming sword defied,
Yet from the heights where hung the Crucified —
Sifts through the gloom a morning glow!
Yonder the Tree of the Cross from whither softly blow
Pæans of peace to all the world below.

CHORUS. God All-Merciful, Thou Pardoner supernal!
Of them who scorned Thy word at every breath,
Exalting the Sinner to the way eternal,
Thou gavest Thy Son in death!

TABLEAU: *The Adoration of the Cross*

THE ADORATION

The second picture represents the Adoration of the Cross, with little children dressed as Cherubim.

CHORAGUS. Hearken, Lord, unto Thy people bending,
Even as little children who come before Thee;

To the great Sacrifice their footsteps wending,
  In reverent awe, Thy people all adore Thee.

CHORUS. Follow now the Saviour's way,
  Along the roughened thorn-path leading —
Bearing for us in the fray,
  Suffering, and for us bleeding!

ACT I

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

Christus enters Jerusalem amidst loud rejoicing from the throng, and drives the money-lenders from the Temple.

FIRST SCENE

Men, Women, and Children; then Christus and the Apostles, followed by a crowd — advancing from the background.

CHORUS. Hail, Son of David, we raise songs to Thee!
Hail, Thy Father's throne belongs to Thee!
  To Thee belongs!
In God's Holy Name You come a light to give —
In God's Holy Name You grant us right to live —
  To Thee, O Son of David, we raise songs.

HALF CHORUS A. Hosanna! God in Heaven hear us!
Bestow unto the Son of David grace.

HALF CHORUS B. Hosanna! Enthroned above, yet ever near us,
Grant us eternally to see Thy face!

CHORUS. Hail to Thee! Hail to Thee!

H. C. A. Blessed be to Him who gives once more
Unto the people and their kingdom trembling;

H. C. B. Bless ye the Son, exalt Him, and adore
The Son on high, the Lord our God resembling!

CHORUS. Hail to Thee! Hail to Thee!

H. C. A. Hosanna to the Son, our own —
Hearken, ye winds, and sound the song abroad!

H. C. B. Hosanna! there upon His Father's throne,
He will deliver the Message of the Lord!

CHORUS. Hail to Thee! Hail to Thee!

SECOND SCENE

Christus, the Apostles, and People; Priests, Pharisees, and Money-changers within the portico of the Temple.

CHRISTUS. What see I here? Thus would you dishonour the abode of My Father. Is this God's House? or is it naught to you but a market-place? How can the Strangers who come from out the land of the heathen perform their devotions here in such a throng of usurers? And you who are priests and guardians of the sanctuary! — you see this abomination and yet you endure it! Woe unto you! He who fathoms the heart well knows why you yourselves sanction such outrage.

MONEY CHANGERS. Who, forsooth, is this?

THE PEOPLE. It is the great Prophet from Nazareth in Galilee.

CHRISTUS (*approaching the dealers*). Away from here, Servants of Mammon! I bid you go! Take what is yours, and leave this holy place!

RABBI. See the fire in His eye; I cannot endure Him.

EPHRAIM. Come, let us depart, that His wrath may not completely undo us. [*Departing in awe; the others hesitate.*

JOSUE. Why do you interfere with these people?

EZEKIEL. This place has been specially set aside for the sacrifice.

SADOK. How can you forbid what the High Council allows?

BOOZ. Shall we no longer be permitted to make sacrifice here?

CHRISTUS. Outside the Temple there are many places for your business. My house, so saith the Lord, shall be called a House of Prayer for all! But you have made it a den of thieves. (*Overturning the Tables.*) Away with all this!

RABBI. It cannot be. You dare not do thus!

KOAN (*a Trader*). My gold, ah, my gold!

DATHAN (*a Trader*). My doves! [*The doves fly away.*

ABIRON (*a Trader*). Who will restore this loss to me?

CHRISTUS (*striking out with a lash*). Hence! It is my will that this profanéd Temple be once more restored to the worship of the Father! [*The Traders withdraw, some in fear, others menacingly.*

SADOK. Tell us, by what authority do you so command?

AMON. Through what miraculous sign are you able to show the power you have to do this?

CHRISTUS. You ask for a miracle? Verily, one shall be given you. Destroy this Temple here, and in three days will I have it again rebuilt.

RABBI. What boasting, what insolent speech!

AMON. Six and forty years was this Temple in the building, and you would do it in three days!

CHILDREN. Hosanna! Hail to the Son of David!

PEOPLE. Glory be to Him who comes in the name of the Lord!

RABINTH. Hear you what these people cry?

DARIABAS. Forbid them!

CHRISTUS. I say unto you: If these were silent, then would the very stones cry out.

CHILDREN. Hosanna to the Son of David!

PHARISEES. Be silent, you foolish ones!

CHRISTUS. Have you not read: Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings you have made ready your praise? That which is hidden from the proud is revealed unto the little children. And the Scriptures must be fulfilled: The stone which the workmen rejected has become the corner-stone. The Kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and it shall be given unto those people who will bring forth fruit. But that stone — whosoever falls upon it shall be bruised, and on whomsoever it falls, he shall be crushed to pieces. Come, my Disciples! I have done what the

Father has commanded of me. I have vindicated the honour of His house. The gloom remains gloom; but in many hearts will it soon be day. Let us within the Temple, and there pray to our Father in Heaven. [*They go.*

PEOPLE. Praise be to the Anointed One! Hosanna!

PRIESTS. Be silent, you contemptible beings!

PHARISEES. You will all be ruined along with Him!

PEOPLE. Blessèd be the Kingdom of David, which shall again shine forth!

THIRD SCENE

Priests and People

NATHANAEL. Whoso continue true to our Fathers Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, let them remain with us! Upon all others fall the curse of Moses!

RABBI. He is a misleader! an enemy of Moses — an enemy to the Holy Law!

PEOPLE. Why then did you not lay hold on Him? Is He not a Prophet? [*Some of the multitude follow Christus.*

PTOLEMÄUS. Away with the Prophet!

RABBI. He is a teacher of false doctrine!

SADOK. A heretic — an enemy of Moses!

JOSAPHAT. An enemy to the traditions of our Fathers! A deceiver!

PEOPLE (*again*). Why did you not seize Him?

NATHANAEL. Oh, you blind people! Would you indeed follow this new One, would you forsake Moses, the Prophets, and your Priests? Do you not fear that the curse hurled by the Law against this faithless creature will crush you? Would you willingly cease to be Jehovah's Chosen People?

PEOPLE. Indeed, no! That is far from our minds!

NATHANAEL. Who guards the purity of the Teacher? Is it not the holy Sanhedrin of the People of Israel? Which would you heed — us or Him who has proclaimed Himself the Prophet of a new faith?

PEOPLE. We will hearken unto you, we will follow you!

SADOK. The God of our Fathers will bless you for this.

NATHANAEL. Now then! This Man, so full of deceit and of error, hastens to His ruin!

PEOPLE. Yes, we will stand by you! We are the followers of Moses!

FOURTH SCENE

The Traders, with their chief, Dathan, enter, weeping and moaning.

TRADERS. This insult must not remain unpunished. Come, let us hasten retribution. Vengeance, vengeance!

DATHAN. He shall pay dearly for His brazen manner!

BOOZ. Gold, oil, salt, doves — He must pay us for the loss of all! Where is He? He shall know our wrath!

JOSUE. He is there within the Temple!

PRIESTS. He has gone away!

TRADERS. We will after Him.

NATHANAEL. Hold, friends! The followers of yonder Man and His Disciples are yet too many. Your meeting with them now might cause a disastrous struggle which would be stopped by the sword of the Roman. Trust to us. He shall not escape punishment!

PRIESTS. With us, for us — that is your salvation.

SADOK. His downfall approaches.

ALL. Our triumph is near.

NATHANAEL. We go now to inform the High Council of this day's happenings.

TRADERS. We will go with you; we would have satisfaction.

NATHANAEL. Nay, in an hour's time come to the outer court of the High Priest's house. In the meanwhile I will bring your grievances before the Council and will plead eloquently in your favour. At the right moment you shall be called. [*The priests go.*

TRADERS AND PEOPLE (*moving off stage*). We have Moses! Down with all others! We are faithful to the death unto the Law of Moses! Praise be to our Fathers and to our Fathers' God!

END OF ACT

II. REPRESENTATION

The Plot of the High Council

Prologue

CHORAGUS. Greetings be unto you all, who in love are gathered here,
Gathered round the Saviour mourning, you who come from far and near,
Fain to follow on the thorn-path, fain to suffer in His doom,
Through the trial and the torture, from the cross unto the tomb.

Oh, ye people now assembled, followers from sea to sea,
Prompted by the love of brothers, bound as one in unity,
One in faith and one in feeling, one in love for Him who died,
Him who bore the cross and suffered, Christ who is the Crucified!

Who in pity for the Sinners, chose Himself the world to save,
Leaving life unto the living, for the life beyond the grave —
Toward Him turn your countenances, toward Him turn your hearts in praise,
Turn your hearts in deep thanksgiving, and your countenances raise!

For, behold, the Cup of Sorrow overflows its beaker's brim,
While the bitter force of envy holds the bitter dregs for Him.
Avaricious ones conspire, breathing hate with every breath,
Hate that only breeds destruction, avarice that knows but death!

Even as when Joseph's brothers all the bonds of blood defied,
Prompted by the thoughts of murder to the verge of fratricide,
Even now, the priestly Council, met to stem the Prophet's sway,
Spurs itself, by false deception, to put Death within His way.

LEADER OF THE CHORUS (*Choragus. Recit.*).
Intent on the blasphemous deed, they depart.
The mouth hath proclaimed what was hid in the heart!
The sting of their consciences hastens their blunder,
The masks from their faces are now rent asunder!

CHORUS. Away! Let us go to reap vengeance, they cry,
Our work we must do; He must die, He must die!

TABLEAU: *The Sons of the Patriarch Jacob plot as to how their younger brother Joseph is to be put out of the way. Gen. 37: 18. Joseph symbolizes the humiliation and exaltation of Christ: like Jesus, he is the beloved son of his father, and so his brothers would quickly despatch him; hated by them, insulted, his very coat taken from him, he is sold to the stranger for a single piece of silver.*

CHORAGUS. O God! we would enter the sanctified temple of prayer;
Of that which occurred in the Past we are all made aware.
Even as Jacob's cruel sons did conspire,
So, in blind ire,
O God, will be heard the murderous cry:
He must die! He must die!

SOLO (*Tenor*). Behold the dreamer,
False teacher, blasphemer,
Our King!
Away with this vision,
This Man of derision!
Come, fling
What we hate to the depths of yon pool,
And there let Him rule!

SOLO (*Bass*). Thus, thirst
The brood accurst!
He is against our people — Let Him die!
They cry.
The honour of our faith is in danger
Of this Stranger.
For the world is filled with those who pray
To follow Him; who travel not our way!

DUET. Come, let us hasten to slay Him!
Let us capture and flay Him!
No one from Death can stay Him!
Come, come!
Away! to our purpose stand fast.
Away! for His glory is past.
Away! for the die is cast.
Come, come!

CHORUS. O God, destroy this wanton band,
Which seeks to bind Thy righteous hand;
Which comes, with jibe and jeer, to kill,
To murder, to oppose Thy will!

Let them feel Thy holy wonder —
Flash of lightning, roar of thunder —
Of Thy power let them know —
In Thy might, oh, bend them low!

For He came not to destroy,
  God the Father, Thou above!
His the mission to bring joy
  To the Sinner, Grace and Love!

We before Thy throne incline,
In humility are Thine,
Bless Thy passion, Thy design,
God, the Father, the Divine!

ACT II

The High Council decides to take the Christus captive.

FIRST SCENE

The Assembly of the High Council

CAIAPHAS. Venerable Brothers, Fathers, and Teachers of the people! An extraordinary occurrence is the immediate object of this present meeting. Learn of it from the mouth of our worthy brother.

NATHANAEL. Have I your permission, wise Fathers, to speak?

ALL. Yes, worthy priest.

NATHANAEL. Wonder not then that you are convoked at so late an hour for deliberation. You know what we to our shame have witnessed to-day with our very eyes. You have seen the triumphal way of the Galilean through the streets of the Holy City! You have heard the Hosannas of the infatuated people! You have perceived how the haughty One arrogated unto Himself the dignity of the High Priest, and dared, as Master, to rule in the Temple of Jehovah! What could more unerringly hasten the upheaval of all State and ecclesiastical order? Yet, one step further, and the sacred laws of Moses will be supplanted by the innovations of this false Teacher. The dogmas of our Fathers will be despised, the fasts and purifications done away with, the Sabbath profaned, the Priests of God divested of their charges, the holy sacrifices ended. Such is the situation.

ALL. True, very true, painfully true!

CAIAPHAS. Yes, and still more! Soon this Man, encouraged by His success, will proclaim Himself King of Israel. Then will schism and rioting flood the land, then will the Romans come with troops and desolate the land and people. Woe unto the children of Israel! Woe unto the Holy City! Woe unto the Temple of Jehovah! Woe, indeed, if some force is not set against this evil while yet there is time! This is urgent, for the vindication rests with us. We must this very day frame some strong course of action, and what is resolved upon must be executed regardless of all else. Will you, O Fathers, by the raising of your hands, signify your agreement with me?

ALL. Yes, yes, we do, we will. An end must be put to this Impostor!

CAIAPHAS. Express your opinion freely as to what were best to be done!

RABBI. If I may be allowed to speak frankly, then I must confess that we ourselves are somewhat to blame for what has come to pass. Against this danger which has slowly gathered, we have put too mild, too gentle remedies. How have our arguments stopped Him; what does it matter whether, by our questioning, we have at times embarrassed Him? What avail that we have pointed out inconsistencies in His teaching, and His every violation of the Law? What even has been the effect of the anathemas hurled by us upon all who acknowledged Him as the Messiah? Our trouble has been useless. They turn their backs upon us, and they follow Him. If we would have peace, then must we do what should indeed have been done a long time ago. We must secure His person, must cast Him into prison; that is the way to make Him harmless!

ALL. Yes, we are perfectly agreed!

THIRD PRIEST. Once He is in prison, the credulous people will no longer be held by the force of His manner and the magic of His speech. When there is no longer any miracle for them to gape at, then will He soon be forgotten.

FOURTH PRIEST. In the depths of His dungeon let His light shine; there let Him proclaim Himself Messiah to the dungeon walls.

FIRST PHARISEE. Quite long enough has He misled the people, and stigmatized as pretence the rare virtues of the holy order of the Pharisees.

SECOND PHARISEE. Then will the enthusiasm of His adherents cool when He, who promised them freedom, Himself lies in fetters.

ANNAS. Now indeed, venerable Priests and Teachers, a ray of comfort, of hope, enters my heart once more, for I note your unanimous determination. Ah, what inexpressible sorrow has weighed upon my soul because of the rapidity with which the false teachings of this Galilean have spread! Had I forsooth attained old age, only to behold with mine own eyes the destruction of the Holy Law? Yet I will not despair. The God of our Fathers still lives, and is with us. If you, my Friends, are thus emboldened to interpose, if you stand together tried and true, and follow unswervingly a definite aim, then indeed is deliverance near. Take courage, and save Israel! Immortal glory will be yours as a reward.

ALL. We are of one intent! Our Fathers' faith shall not perish!

PRIESTS. Israel must be delivered!

CAIAPHAS. All praise to your unanimous decision, worthy Brothers! But now give me aid with your wise counsel, how it were best to secure this Seducer under our authority.

RABINTH. To take Him now, at the time of the feast, might be fraught with danger. In the streets and within the Temple — everywhere He goes, He is surrounded by a multitude of inspired adherents — He could easily bring about a riot.

EZEKIEL. And yet, it must be done immediately; it suffers no delay. Suppose He did provoke an uproar, then we might take Him on the spot, as we have determined shall be done.

OTHER PRIESTS. No delay! No respite!

JOSUE. At present, nevertheless, we dare not seize Him by open means; our work must be done secretly and cunningly. We must in some way discover where He usually spends the night; there suddenly and without excitement might He be taken and carried off in perfect safety.

NATHANAEL. Should it please the High Council to offer a considerable reward for the purpose, no doubt someone could be found to track the fox to His lair.

CAIAPHAS. If you sanction it, holy Fathers, I will, in the name of this, our august body, send forth the command that anyone knowing His nightly haunts should declare the same to us, and also that to the informer is assured a fitting recompense.

ALL. We are quite agreed.

NATHANAEL. No doubt, some man among those so grievously insulted by the Galilean when He drove them from the Temple with a scourge, could inform us. Once these men were firm believers in the Law, and now they thirst for vengeance against this One who has made such an unheard-of assault upon their privileges.

ANNAS. Where may the Traders be reached?

NATHANAEL. They are already here in the vestibule. I promised them to champion their rights before the holy Sanhedrin, and they await the issue.

CAIAPHAS. Worthy Priest, tell them that the High Council is disposed to listen to their grievance. Bring them hither.

NATHANAEL. This will delight them, and profit us! [*Goes.*

SECOND SCENE

CAIAPHAS. The God of our Fathers has not yet withdrawn His hand from us. Still does Moses watch over us. If we succeed in drawing to us the flower of manhood among the people, then need we have no further fear. Friends and Brothers, let us take courage — our Father, from out the bosom of Abraham, watches over us.

PRIESTS. God bless our High Priest! [*The Traders are led in.*

THIRD SCENE

NATHANAEL. High Priest and chosen Teachers of the People, these men, deserving of our blessing, appear before this Assembly in order to lodge complaint against the infamous Jesus of Nazareth, who has to-day insulted them beyond reason in their Temple and has wrought them harm.

DATHAN. We beseech the High Council to obtain satisfaction for us. The High Council should favour our lawful demands.

PRIESTS AND PHARISEES. You shall have justice done you, we promise that.

BOOZ. Is it not granted us by the High Council to place on sale in the portico all things necessary for the Feast?

SADOK. In truth, we do allow that. Woe unto anyone who disturbs you in that right!

BOOZ. But the Galilean has driven us out with a scourge!

ABIRON. And He has overturned the money tables!

DATHAN. And He has emptied my dove-cots!

TRADERS. We demand recompense!

CAIAPHAS. The Law grants you satisfaction. Meanwhile, your loss shall be restored to you from the Temple treasury. But in return, that the Transgressor Himself may be punished in proper measure, we need your help. What can we do to Him so long as He is not in our power?

ESRON. You know, He goes daily to the Temple; there He could be easily caught and carried away.

CAIAPHAS. That would not do. He always has around Him a passionate crowd, which might begin a dangerous riot. It must be done silently.

BOOZ. The night time is best.

CAIAPHAS. If you could but reconnoitre, and ferret out where He hides under cover of darkness, then, without any disturbance, He would soon be in our hands. Afterwards, not only would the pleasure of seeing Him punished be yours, but also you would have share in a considerable reward.

NATHANAEL. So! And furthermore, you will be rendering a great service to the Law of Moses, if you aid therein.

TRADERS. We shall not fail.

EPHRAIM. Nor shall we spare ourselves trouble.

DATHAN. I know one of His Disciples. Through him I may learn something, especially if I offer him a suitable reward.

CAIAPHAS. If you find such a one, make him every necessary promise in our name. Only, waste no time, for we must reach our goal before the Feast.

ANNAS. And be sure to observe strict silence.

TRADERS. We swear it!

CAIAPHAS. But, my men, if you would satisfy your thirst for revenge entirely, then take good care that you kindle in others the same holy ardour which burns in you.

EPHRAIM. Since to-day's disaster, we have made use of every moment; already we have brought to our side many of our friends and relatives.

RABBI. We will not rest until everyone is against Him.

ANNAS. In return, you will gain the rare thanks of the High Council.

CAIAPHAS. Publicly shall you then be honoured before the people, even as you have just been openly insulted by this arrogant Man.

KOAN. We dedicate our lives to the Law of Moses and to the holy Sanhedrin.

CAIAPHAS. The God of Abraham be with you!

TRADERS. Long live Moses, long live the High Priest and the Sanhedrin. [*They go.*

KOAN. To-day, maybe, the Galilean has played His rôle for the last time! [*Goes.*

FOURTH SCENE

CAIAPHAS. As though by sweet slumbers strengthened, I live again. With such men as those, we can accomplish everything. Now we shall see who conquers: He with His followers to whom, without cessation, He preaches Love, a Love which embraces sinner and publican alike, even the heathen — or we, with this multitude of His enemies, filled with a desire for vengeance, whom we are sending forth against Him. There can be no doubt on which side the victory will be.

ANNAS. The God of our Fathers grant us victory! Such joy in my old age will make me young again!

CAIAPHAS. Let us adjourn and confidently await success. Praise be to the Fathers!

ALL. Praise be to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!

END OF ACT

III. REPRESENTATION

The Parting at Bethany

Prologue

CHORAGUS. He who glances in the future with
a penetrating eye,
He who has the gift prophetic feels a violent storm is
nigh —
Which with menace is approaching, which obtains
about His head —
A menace which approaches and which gathers and
will spread.

There He tarries in a circle of His people who believe;
He has said the word of parting, He has made the heart to grieve.
Ah! a word which wounds to utter and a word which brings no rest —
Only sorrow to the Mother, only pain within her breast.

See the mother of Tobias, how she wept with every sigh,
As she saw her son departing, as the grievous time drew nigh —
How her sorrow and her grieving broke the floodgate of her tears,
When she saw her son departing as fulfilment of her fears.

Even so, thus weeps the Mother of the Son of God who goes —
Thus she gazes at her Loved One, knowing all the grief He knows —
Through His love He seeks atonement, for the world ordained to die,
To destroy the sin of Sinners, even though they crucify.

TABLEAU: *Young Tobias takes leave of his home. Tob. 4:1. The picture suggests the departure of Christus from His Mother, as He leaves for Jerusalem.*

SOLO. Friends! what bitter pain is this,
Torturing a Mother's bliss?
Hearken to the Lord's command —
Yonder Raphael by the hand
Leads Tobias from the land.

Woe! Alas, a thousand woes!
Thus she calls to him who goes —
Come thou, tarry not for long,
Comfort thou, and right the wrong —
But return, and make me strong!

Ah, Tobias, ah, my son!
Come to me, belovéd one!
For my arms are opened wide —
Fain to hold thee by my side —
Thus to make me satisfied!

CHORUS. Mournful she, and comfortless.
Neither joy nor happiness —
Till one moment, doubly blest,
Finds her son held to her breast!

SOLO. A Bride there was, you know the song —
Of her lamenting loud and long.
'T was Solomon in all his glory,
Told in lofty words the story!

Greater the pain in Mary's heart,
Which pierces like a cruel dart;
And yet submission is a rod
Aiding her to walk with God.

TABLEAU: *The belovéd bride bewails the loss of her bridegroom. S. of S. 5:1. In a wonderfully beautiful flower-garden, we see the Bride of the Sublime Song; she stands in a rose arbour, surrounded by her trusted women clad in white and adorned with blossoms. An allusion is here made to the Church as a maidenly bride; or to Mary's grief over the departure of her Son, her one great joy. For the lament, cf. Canticles.*

SOLO. Whither, whither has He departed?
For I, alas, am broken-hearted!
Belovéd One, my soul is yearning!
Belovéd One, my tears are burning!

Whither, whither art Thou hiding?
Speak, oh, speak, one word confiding!
Dost Thou tarry — Dost Thou wait —
Have I lost Thee — am I late?

My heavy eyes are searching still —
From path to path, from hill to hill —
Belovéd, in the early morn,
I think of Thee — and Hope is born!

CHORUS. Belovéd, ah, Belovéd, woe is me —
The pain I feel for Thee!

Friends, be ye comforted, and learn
Thy Belovéd will return!

Behold the Bridegroom on His way —
Tarry thou, and for Him stay —
No longer any cloud shall dim
The joy to thee of meeting Him!

Oh, come, my eyes are opened wide!
Oh, rest, Belovéd, by my side!
No longer any cloud shall be,
To dim the joy of meeting Thee!

ACT III

Christus is anointed by Mary Magdalene in Bethany, where Judas complains. He then takes leave of His Mother and of His friends.

FIRST SCENE

Christus and the Twelve Disciples

CHRISTUS. Know you, my dear Disciples, that the Passover is in two days' time. Therefore, let us now make a last visit to our friends in Bethany, and then go to Jerusalem; there, in these days to come, all will be fulfilled which has been written by the Prophets of the Son of Man.

PHILIP. Has the day then truly arrived when you will again restore the Kingdom to Israel?

CHRISTUS. Then shall the Son of Man be handed over to the Gentiles, and He shall be ridiculed and spat upon, and they will crucify Him. But on the third day He will rise again.

JOHN. Master, what dark and terrible meaning for us in your words! How shall we understand you? Make it clear to us!

CHRISTUS. The hour has come when the Son of Man will be glorified! Verily, verily, I say unto you: If the grain of wheat does not fall to the ground and die, then it remains alone; but if it dies, then it brings forth abundant fruit. Now the judgment goes forth over the earth: The Prince of this world will be cast out. And I, if I be raised, will draw all men unto me.

THADDEUS. What does He mean by such speech?

SIMON. Why does He liken Himself to a grain of wheat?

ANDREW. Lord, you mention shame and victory in one breath, and yet I know not how to reconcile these in my thoughts.

CHRISTUS. What to you now is dark as night will soon be as clear as day. Thus have I said unto you, so that whatever happens you may not lose courage. Believe and hope! For when the turmoil is over, then shall you see and understand.

THOMAS. I cannot grasp what it is you say of suffering and of death. Have we not then learned aright of the Prophets, that the Messiah shall live eternally?

PETER. What can your enemies do to you? A word from you would crush them all.

CHRISTUS. Thomas! reverence the decree of God, which you cannot fathom. For a short while still is the Light with you. Walk so long as you have the light, lest darkness overtake you.

DISCIPLES. Lord! Remain with us! Without you we will be as sheep without a shepherd.

SECOND SCENE

The preceding. Simon, then Lazarus, Martha,
Mary Magdalene

SIMON. Best of Teachers, greetings unto you! Oh, what joy! how you bless my house with your presence. (*To the Disciples.*) Be there welcome unto you all, friends.

CHRISTUS. Simon, for the last time do I lay claim upon your hospitality — I, with my Disciples here.

SIMON. Speak not so, my Master. Many times shall Bethany still afford you resting place for brief repose.

CHRISTUS (*Lazarus approaching*). Behold our friend Lazarus.

LAZARUS. Oh, Conqueror of Death! Benefactor of Life! Master! I see you again, and I hear again the voice which called me from the grave! [*Concealing his face on the breast of Christus.*

MAGDALENE. Rabbi!

MARTHA. Greetings to you!

CHRISTUS. God's blessing rest upon you.

MAGDALENE. Will you have from me a token of love and gratitude?

CHRISTUS. Yea, do what you purpose doing.

SIMON. Enter, Master, beneath my roof; let you and yours be refreshed. [*They all go in.*

THIRD SCENE

The Guest-room in Simon's House

CHRISTUS. Peace be unto this house!

DISCIPLES. And to all who dwell therein!

SIMON. Master, everything is ready. Be seated at the table, and bid your followers do likewise.

CHRISTUS. Let us then, my dear Disciples, with thanks enjoy the gifts which our Father in Heaven grants us through Simon, His servant. (*After they are all seated.*) O Jerusalem! Would that to you my coming were as dear as it is to these, my friends! But, alas, you are stricken with blindness!

LAZARUS. Belovéd Master! Dangers there await you. In expectation, the Pharisees abide your coming to the Great Feast. Eagerly they watch for your destruction.

SIMON. Remain here with us where you are safe.

PETER. Here indeed it were best to be beneath the portals of this house, served by true love — here until the storm which will arise has spent itself.

CHRISTUS. Get thee behind me, Satan! You have no thought for that which is of God, but only for that which is of Man. Should the Reaper be permitted to rest in the shadow while the ripe harvest beckons Him? The Son of Man came not into this world that He might be served, but that He might serve and give His life as ransom for the many.

JUDAS. But, Master, what would become of us if you should lose your life?

APOSTLES. Alas! All our hopes would then be ruined!

CHRISTUS. Calm yourselves! I have the power to give up my life, and I have the power to bring it back again. This has the Father granted me.

MAGDALENE (*comes and pours ointment upon the head of Christus*). Rabbi.

CHRISTUS. Maria!

THOMAS. What delicious odour!

BARTHOLOMEW. That is costly — it is rare spikenard oil.

THADDEUS. Such honour has never before fallen to our Master.

JUDAS. To what purpose such wastefulness? One could better employ the gold it cost.

THOMAS. Thus it almost seems to me. [*Magdalene kneels and anoints the feet of Christus.*

CHRISTUS. What is it that you whisper — one to the other? Why do you censure what is done out of grateful love alone?

JUDAS. Thus to use such precious, such costly ointment! What prodigality!

CHRISTUS. Friend Judas! Look on me! Is it waste on me, your Master?

JUDAS. But I know you care not for such useless extravagance. One might have sold the ointment, and the poor could have profited thereby.

CHRISTUS. Judas, your hand upon your heart! Is it only compassion for the poor which moves you so?

JUDAS. At least three hundred pieces could have been got for it. A loss indeed to the poor — and to us!

CHRISTUS. The poor have you always with you, but me have you not always. She has done good work; let her be! For inasmuch as she has poured this oil upon my body, so has she in advance prepared me for my burial. Verily, verily, I say unto you: Wheresoever the Gospel is preached throughout the world, there also will the memory of what she has done be preserved. Let us rise. (*To Simon, after they have risen.*) Thank you, kind friend, for your entertainment. The Father will reward you.

SIMON. Say naught of thanks, Master. I am aware what I owe to you.

CHRISTUS. The time has come to depart from here. Farewell, inmates of this hospitable house! My Disciples, follow me!

PETER. Master, where you will, — only not unto Jerusalem!

CHRISTUS. I go whither my Father calls me. Peter, if it so please you to remain here, then remain!

PETER. My Lord and Master, where you stay, there will I stay also, and where you go, there also will I go.

CHRISTUS. Then come! [*They go.*

FOURTH SCENE

CHRISTUS (*to Magdalene and Martha*). Stay, dearly belovéd! Once more, farewell! Peaceful Bethany! Never again shall I tarry in thy restful vale.

SIMON. Then, Master, will you, in truth, leave here forever?

MAGDALENE. Oh, I have forebodings of most terrible things. Friend of my soul! My heart, alas, my heart, I cannot let you go! [*Falls at the feet of Christus.*

CHRISTUS. Arise, Mary! The night approaches and the winds of winter are raging near. Still, be of good hope! In the early morn, in the Garden of Spring, you shall see me again!

LAZARUS. My Friend! My Benefactor!

MARTHA. Joy of my heart! My strength! Alas, you go to return no more?

CHRISTUS. Our Father wills it, dear one! Wherever I am, I will carry you always in my heart, and wheresoever you are, my blessing be upon you. Farewell! [*As He turns to go, Mary, the Mother, comes with her companions.*

FIFTH SCENE

MARY. Jesus, dear Son, with yearning have I and my friends hastened after you, to see you once more, ere you go, alas, from hence!

CHRISTUS. Mother, I am on my way to Jerusalem.

MARY. To Jerusalem! 'T is there, in the Temple of Jehovah, I once carried you in my arms to offer you unto the Lord.

CHRISTUS. Mother! The hour has come when I shall offer myself, even as our Father has ordained. I am ready to fulfil that which the Father exacts of me.

MARY. Alas! I have a fear of what the sacrifice will be!

MAGDALENE. O dearest Mother, how ardently we have wished to keep our belovéd Master here with us!

SIMON. But He is resolved!

CHRISTUS. My hour has come.

ALL THE DISCIPLES. Beseech the Father to absolve you.

ALL THE WOMEN. He will as ever hearken unto you.

CHRISTUS. My soul is indeed cast down. Yet what is it I should say: Father! save me from this hour? Was it not for this very hour I came into the world?

MARY. Simon, Simon, you worthy old man, now will it come to pass — that which you once prophesied to me: " A sword shall pierce thy heart! "

CHRISTUS. Mother! the Father's will has ever to you been held in sacredness.

MARY. Even now is it so. I am a hand-maiden of the Lord. What He imposes upon me, that in patience will I bear. But one thing I beseech you, Son!

CHRISTUS. What do you crave, my Mother?

MARY. That I may go with you into the midst of your suffering, yea, even unto death!

JOHN. What love!

CHRISTUS. Mother! Indeed you will suffer with me, you will bleed with me in my death agony, but then you will rejoice with me in my victory. Therefore, take comfort!

MARY. Ah, God, give me strength that my heart may not break!

THE HOLY WOMEN. Mother of mothers, we weep for you!

MARY. My Son, with you I go to Jerusalem.

THE WOMEN. Mother, we go with you!

CHRISTUS. Later, you may unto the city; but now remain with our friends in Bethany. (*To Simon, Martha, etc.*) Unto you, trusted souls, I commend my Mother, together with these, her companions.

MAGDALENE. After you, there is no one dearer to us than your Mother.

LAZARUS. If only you, Master, could remain!

CHRISTUS. Comfort you one another! In two days you may proceed together on your way, so as to reach Jerusalem for the great Feast.

MARY. As you will, my Son.

WOMEN. Alas! how sadly the hours will pass with you far off!

CHRISTUS. Mother, Mother! For all the tender love and care you have shown me these three and thirty years of my life, receive the thanks of your Son! The Father calls me. Farewell, best of Mothers!

MARY. My Son, where shall I see you again?

CHRISTUS. Yonder, belovéd Mother, where the Scriptures shall be fulfilled: He was led as a Lamb to the sacrifice, and He opened not His mouth.

MARY. Jesus! Your Mother — alas! O God! — my Son —

WOMEN (*hastening to Mary, the Mother, to support her*). Oh, dearly belovéd Mother!

DISCIPLES (*departing*). We cannot bear it. How will it end?

ALL. What great affliction threatens us?

CHRISTUS. Give not up in the first struggle! Have faith in me! [*Goes.*

LAZARUS, THE WOMEN (*looking after Christus*). Oh, our dear Teacher!

SIMON. Benefactor of my house! (*To Mary.*) Mother, come with me and deign to enter.

MAGDALENE. One consolation there is, even in the midst of our trial.

MARTHA. How fortunate to have our Master's Mother with us!

LAZARUS (*to the women*). You also, belovéd ones, come with us! We will share together our sorrow and our tears. [*They go into the house.*

END OF ACT

IV. REPRESENTATION

The Last Journey to Jerusalem

Prologue

People of God! Thy Saviour is near thee. Behold!
He has come, He has come as the Prophets foretold!
Hearken His voice, and follow His leading,
Grace has He brought thee, and Life — for thy sins
interceding!
Yet blind is the faith of Jerusalem, deaf is the land —
She will turn from the hope of Salvation, and thrust
back His hand!

And soon will the Saviour no longer give heed to her call,
On the day of Jerusalem's fall!

Vashti in scorn the royal feast disdained,
The king in anger spurned her from his side —
Vashti in scorn complained,
The king turned from her to a nobler bride.

Thus will the Synagogue be in time forsaken!
Thus will God's Kingdom from the Synagogue be taken!
To other righteous Nations that in fruitfulness have thriven,
God's Kingdom will be given!

CHORAGUS (*Recit.*). Jerusalem, awake! Thy slumbers cease!
Awake, Jerusalem, while there is peace!
The hour of woe is coming as you wait,
Unhappy one, behold your fate —
Soon it will be too late!
Awake!

CHORUS. Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Behold thy Father's face!
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
Let not hate replace
The touch of grace,
Lest, unhappy one, some day
The Lord of Hosts from thee should turn away!

TABLEAU: *King Ahasuerus casts Vashti from him and exalts Esther. Esther 1–2. Queen Vashti, the proud, symbolizes Jerusalem and Judaism, while Esther typifies Christianity. As Vashti is discarded by the king, even so is Christus rejected by the Jews.*

CHORAGUS (*Recit.*). Behold, of Vashti's fate we tell!
Such fate the Synagogue befell!
"Away, proud woman, from my throne —
Unworthy one, I thee disown!"

Thus spake Ahasuerus in his ire:
"Come, Esther, to my side,
Through life abide
As Queen unto thy sire."

"The time of grace has passed —
Away," saith the Lord, "I cast
From me the faithless, and unto me I bring —
Even as Esther came unto the King —
A better people in their faith supernal,
To whom my love will be eternal!"

CHORUS. Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Ye sinners, unto God give heed!
The leaven of your sins replace,
By opening your heart to grace —
That is your greatest need!
Jerusalem, give heed!

ACT IV

Christus goes with His Disciples toward the city of Jerusalem, is sore grieved at the signs of sin, and sends before Him two of His Disciples to make ready the Paschal Lamb. Judas conceives the idea of betraying his Master.

FIRST SCENE

Christus and the Twelve on their Way toward Jerusalem

JOHN. Master, look yonder, what a glorious view toward Jerusalem!

MATTHEW. And the majestic Temple — what a noble pile!

CHRISTUS. Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Oh that thou couldst but know even now in thy day what were best for thy peace! But it is hidden from thine eyes. [*Weeps.*

PETER. Master, why do you grieve so sorely?

CHRISTUS. My Peter! The fate of this unfortunate city hurts me to the heart!

JOHN. Lord, tell us what that fate will be.

CHRISTUS. The day shall come when the enemy will undermine her walls, and close her in, spreading alarm on all sides. She and her children will be dashed to pieces, and there shall not be left one stone upon another.

ANDREW. Why such a sad fate for this city?

CHRISTUS. Because she hath not known the time of her visitation. Alas! The murderer of the Prophets will even kill the Messiah Himself.

ALL. What a horrible deed!

JAMES THE ELDER. God forbid that the Holy City should bring upon herself such a curse!

JOHN. Belovéd Master, for the sake of the Holy City and of the Temple of Jehovah, I beg of you to go not thither. Let there be no occasion for the evildoers to perpetrate their deed.

PETER. Or go forward, Master, and reveal yourself to them in all your excellence, so that the good may rejoice and the wicked tremble.

ALL. Yea, do so!

PHILIP. Strike down your enemies!

ALL. And establish the Kingdom of God among men!

CHRISTUS. My children, what you desire shall come to pass in time. But my ways have been ordained by my Father — for so saith the Lord: My thoughts are not your thoughts, and your ways are not my ways. Peter!

PETER. What would you, Master?

CHRISTUS. It is now the first day of the Unleavened Bread, a day on which the Law exacts that the paschal meal be kept. Both you and John proceed ahead of us and make ready the Paschal Lamb, that we may eat of it at the evening hour.

PETER AND JOHN. How, Master, would you have us do this?

CHRISTUS. When you come unto the city, you will meet a man carrying a pitcher of water. Go with this one unto his house, and say unto the head therein: Our Master would know of you: Where is the room in which I with my Disciples may partake of the Passover? He will show you a guest-chamber, made ready for our coming: there set forth the meal.

PETER. Your blessing, Master. [*Both John and Peter kneel.*

CHRISTUS. God's blessing be with you both. [*The two Apostles go.*

SECOND SCENE

CHRISTUS. You who remain, come with me for the last time to the House of my Fathers! To-day, thither will you go with me, but to-morrow —

JUDAS. Yet, Master, if you are really to leave us, at least grant us some assurance of our future maintenance. See (*pointing to a purse*), this cannot suffice much longer.

CHRISTUS. Judas, be not more anxious than is needful!

JUDAS. The value of yon wasted oil — how much better if the money lay herein (*holding up the purse*). Three hundred denare! what days we could have lived upon it without want or care!

CHRISTUS. Till now you have wanted for naught, and, believe me, you at no time in the future will be in need.

JUDAS. Still, Master, when you are no longer amongst us, then will our good friends draw back, and —

CHRISTUS. Friend Judas! See to it that the Tempter does not overtake you!

THE OTHER DISCIPLES. Judas! Trouble not the Master so.

JUDAS. Who would have thought of this, if I did not trouble? Am I not appointed by the Master as keeper of the purse?

CHRISTUS. Verily you are, but I fear —

JUDAS. I also fear that it will soon be empty — and that empty it will remain.

CHRISTUS. Judas! Forget not my warning! Now let us proceed onward! I desire to be in my Father's House. [*He leaves with all of His Disciples, save Judas, who remains behind.*

THIRD SCENE

JUDAS (*alone*). Shall I follow Him further? I am of little mind to do so. The Master's way is unaccountable to me. His wonderful works gave us hope that He would restore the Kingdom of Israel, but He does not seize the opportunities which offer themselves, and now indeed He speaks repeatedly of separation from us, and of death, consoling us feebly with mysterious words about a future too dim, too far away. I am tired of waiting, of hoping. With Him, I well can see there is naught in view but this continued poverty and lowliness. Life shall drag along, and instead of sharing in His glorious Kingdom, we shall be persecuted, and with Him thrown into prison. I will withdraw. Fortunately, I have always been prudent and cautious, and now and then have laid aside from the purse a trifle in case of necessity. How useful at this moment would be the three hundred pieces that heedless woman wasted as an empty mark of esteem. If the company breaks up, as it seems to me it will, then would I have had three hundred denare in my hands — which would have served me a long while! But as it is, I have to consider the problem where and how I may find a livelihood. [*Remains standing in reflection.*

FOURTH SCENE

Judas. The Trader Dathan

DATHAN (*entering*). Ha, Judas! The time is favourable, he is alone! He appears to be in deep perplexity. I must exert every means to win him over to our cause. Friend Judas!

JUDAS. Who calls?

DATHAN. A friend. Has some sad happening befallen you? You are so deep in thought.

JUDAS. Who are you?

DATHAN. Your friend, your brother.

JUDAS. My brother, my friend? You?

DATHAN. At least, I wish so to become. How is it with the Master? I, too, would like to be of His company.

JUDAS. You? . . . His company?

DATHAN. Have you then truly forsaken Him? Are things so unwell with Him? Tell me, so I may act accordingly.

JUDAS. If you could be silent, I might tell you . . .

DATHAN. Assuredly I can, friend Judas.

JUDAS. Then things are no longer well with Him. He Himself confesses that His last hour has come. I shall leave Him, for He will yet bring us all to ruin. I am Treasurer — see here how it stands with us!

DATHAN. Friend, then I remain as I am.

FIFTH SCENE

Dathan's companions steal hither.

JUDAS. Who are these? I will not speak further.

KORE. Remain, friend. You will have no cause to regret it.

JUDAS. Why have you come here?

KORE. We would return to Jerusalem, and if it so please you, will keep you company.

JUDAS. Probably you also would follow the Master?

ABIRON. Has He gone to Jerusalem?

JUDAS. For the last time, so He says.

RABBI. For the last time? Will He then never again leave Judæa?

ABIRON. Where in Jerusalem does He abide at night?

JUDAS (*suspiciously*). Why do you ask so eagerly? Would you become His followers?

TRADERS. Why not, if the prospects be good?

JUDAS. I see naught of the brilliant prospects.

DATHAN. Explain, Judas — what do you mean by what you said a short while ago — that He would bring you all to ruin?

JUDAS. He always says to us: Be not anxious for the morrow. But if perchance aught should happen to Him to-day or to-morrow, we should all be destitute. Is it thus a Master cares for His own?

ABIRON. Under such circumstances the outlook is truly a sorry one.

JUDAS. Moreover, only to-day He allowed the most absurd waste, committed by a silly woman in His honour; and when I disapproved of it, I encountered reproachful glances and reproachful words.

DATHAN. And yet you still can be on friendly terms with Him?

BOOZ. Will you remain with Him any longer?

DATHAN. Friend, you should look after your own future. It is about time.

JUDAS. I am thinking of that — but where to find immediately a good living — that is the difficulty!

DATHAN. There you have not far to seek. The best of opportunities offers itself.

JUDAS. Where? How?

EPHRAIM. Have you heard naught of the High Council's proclamation?

JUDAS. About what?

EPHRAIM. Never again in your lifetime will you meet with such an excellent chance to make your fortune.

JUDAS. Tell me what proclamation?

DATHAN. Whosoever reveals the nightly haunt of Jesus of Nazareth shall be granted a considerable reward.

KORE. Mark you! — a considerable reward!

JUDAS. A reward!

EPHRAIM. Who better than you could earn it so easily?

DATHAN (*aside*). We are nearing the goal.

ABIRON. Brother, do not trifle with your fortune!

JUDAS. Indeed, a rare opportunity — shall I let it slip me?

DATHAN. Bethink you further: the reward is not all. The High Council will in addition look after you. Who knows what may yet be in store for you as a result of this?

KORE. Speak, friend!

TRADERS. Give us your hand upon it.

JUDAS. Well, so be it!

DATHAN. Come, Judas, we will lead you forthwith to the High Council.

JUDAS. Nay, for the present, I must after the Master. First of all, let me reconnoitre, so as to be on the safe side.

DATHAN. In the meanwhile we will go to the High Council and announce your intent. But when and where shall we meet again?

JUDAS. Three hours hence, you will find me in the street of the Temple.

DATHAN. Brother, your word!

JUDAS. My word of honour. [*The Traders go.*

SIXTH SCENE

JUDAS (*alone*). The word is given — I will not regret it. Shall I forsooth avoid the good fortune at my very hand? Would I not be foolish to let such a pretty little sum escape me, when I can earn it with no trouble? My fortune is made! It cannot fail. I will do what I promised, but let me be paid in advance. Then, if the Priests succeed in imprisoning Him, if all is indeed at an end with Him, my own prospects are assured, and, moreover, I shall have acquired fame throughout Judæa as the one who did most to save the Law of Moses, and thus further praise and recompense will be given me. But should the Master triumph instead — then I will throw myself repentant at His feet! Surely He is good; never have I seen Him drive away a contrite being. He will take me unto Himself again, and I may even claim for myself the credit of having brought about the outcome. No, I will not entirely cut myself aloof, or pull down the bridges behind me — for I would return if I cannot go forward. Judas, you are a prudent man! But now I fear to meet the Master, for His searching look will be hard to stand, and my comrades will see by my expression that I fear, that I am a — No! I am not, I will not be a traitor! Then, what is it I am doing but notify these Jews where the Master is to be found? Yet that is not betrayal; a traitor's work requires more. Away with these crotchets! Courage, Judas, your future welfare depends upon yourself! [*He goes.*

SEVENTH SCENE

A City Lane. Baruch. Immediately afterwards, Peter and John. Then Mark

BARUCH (*proceeds with a water-jug to the well*). My! but this day is a busy one. Work is not scarce this Passover. To judge by the crowds of pilgrims, it cannot be otherwise. My master must expect many guests, for he bustles about the house continually. [*Draws water.*

JOHN (*coming on with Peter from the opposite side of the stage*). See, here is some one at the well!

BARUCH (*still drawing water*). There must be something of moment this Passover, for the Priests of the High Council go hither and thither. [*Turns with the jug toward his house.*

PETER. This must be he. He carries a water-jug, which the Master bade us take as a sign.

BARUCH (*at the door of his house and turning around*). What would you, friends? Be you welcome!

JOHN. We would speak with your master.

BARUCH. Perhaps you come to keep the Passover with us?

PETER. Yea, our Master bade us make this request of your master.

BARUCH. Come with me! For it will please my master to receive you in his house. Look, there he is himself. (*Mark enters.*) Behold, master, I bring guests.

MARK. Welcome, Strangers! In what way may I serve you?

PETER. Our Master bade us say to you: My time is near. Where is the room, that I may partake of the

Paschal Lamb — I with my Disciples? With you will we keep this Passover.

MARK. Oh the happiness! Now do I recognize you — the followers of the Worker of Miracles who restored my sight to me! How have I deserved that, among all houses in Jerusalem, He should choose mine in which to partake of the Holy Meal! How is it I am so fortunate? Indeed blessed is this house which He honours with His presence! Come, dear friends, I will immediately show you the guest-chamber.

PETER AND JOHN. Good man, we follow you.

END OF ACT

V. REPRESENTATION

The Lord's Supper

Prologue

Before the Friend of Heaven above
  Unto His Passion goes —
He turns unto the call of love,
Nor Death can haste the fall of love,
His sacrament the all of love —
  The earthly pilgrim knows.

The sacrificial meal He takes,
  Forever and a day!
Behold, this is a sign He makes;
'T is Life from bread and wine He makes;
And Life from Death divine He makes;
  Nor Love shall pass away!

He came to them in desert wide —
  To ancient Israel!

With manna them He satisfied,
With Canaan's grapes them gratified —
Thus did the Lord beatified —
And all to them seemed well.

But now in blood and body trace
A mystery, a sign!
'T is Christ who came to save the race,
Whose spirit in the change took place,
Who works through sacrament His grace —
Our Saviour, Christ Divine!

SOLO (*Recit.*). The hour is nigh
When He shall die —
The Prophets thus did prophesy!
The truth was told
To them of old —
And now the awful truth behold!

" The ancient race
I will efface,
Their offering shall now give place,
For lo! in them —
And woe! in them —
No better love will grow in them!

" I consecrate,
I dedicate
Unto myself a Son's estate!"
The Lord thus spake —
" I now forsake
The old — and this new Symbol make,
Of which the whole Earth will partake!"

TABLEAU: *The Lord gives manna unto the people. 2 Mos.* [*Exodus*] *16:31. The manna is the symbol of the holiest of altar sacraments. As God gave aid* *unto the Israelites in their irksome course through the wilderness, so Jesus with His holy love aids the Christians through the wilderness of this life.*

The mystery in the wilderness of sin
Is measure of the spirit here within,
The Covenant which Christ at His Last Supper did begin.

TABLEAU: *The bunch of grapes from Canaan. 4 Mos. [Numbers] 13: 23. The same as in the foregoing picture — a beautiful allegory of the bread and wine of the new Covenant.*

The Lord is good! The Lord is wise!
The Lord His people satisfies!
The Lord is good,
For this new food
He brings to us in wondrous wise.

Oh, death has swept the wilderness!
To Israel food was comfortless,
Nor filled the wand'rers in their grief!
But see the holy bread we break;
If we in humbleness partake,
'T will bring our souls relief!

The Lord is good! The Lord is kind!
The Israelites He bore in mind!
And brought the fruit of wine to them,
And brought from Canaan's vine to them!

But all the fair fruit of the field
Can naught but to the body yield;
The soil instilled it so!

Yet this new Covenant begun,
Shall be the blood of God's own Son;
    The Lord has willed it so!

The Lord is good! The Lord is just!
He gives the wine and breaks the crust,
As pledge of Life beyond the dust;
And flesh and blood is in its place,
And Salem's hall is warm with grace!

ACT V

Christus with His Disciples partakes of the last Passover, and establishes the New Covenant to His memory.

FIRST SCENE

The Guest-chamber. Christus and the Twelve, standing at the Table

CHRISTUS. Most anxiously have I longed to take this Passover meal with you ere I suffered. For I say unto you: Henceforth I will no longer eat thereof, until all be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God. Father! I thank Thee for this potion of the vine. (*Drinks, and passes the cup to His Disciples.*) Take this, and divide it among yourselves, for I say unto you: Henceforth will I no longer partake of the fruit of the vine until the Kingdom of God shall be.

THE APOSTLES. Ah, Master, is this then the last Passover?

CHRISTUS. A potion will I drink with you in the Kingdom of God the Father; as it is written: From the stream of happiness will you make them drink.

PETER. Master, when this Kingdom comes, how will our positions be meted out to us?

JAMES THE ELDER. Who will have precedence among us?

THOMAS. Will each one of us, perchance, be granted the lordship of a separate land?

BARTHOLOMEW. That would be much the best way; for then no dispute would arise among us.

CHRISTUS. Thus long have I been with you, and still are you most concerned in earthly matters. Verily, for you, who have with me borne my trials and temptation, I assure the Kingdom which my Father has made ready for me; that therein you may eat and drink at my table, and, seated upon thrones, judge the twelve tribes of Israel. But mark: the kings of the people rule over them as dictators, and the dictator it is whom they call benefactor. But thus shall it not be with you. For the greatest among you, let him be the least, and the master be as your servant! For who is greater, he who sits at the table or he who serves? What say you, my Disciples? I am in the midst of you as one who serves. (*He lays aside His upper garment, girds Himself around with a white linen towel, and pours water in a basin.*) Now, be seated, beloved Disciples.

THE APOSTLES. What will He do now?

CHRISTUS. Peter, reach me forth your foot!

PETER. Lord, would you wash my feet?

CHRISTUS. What I do, you may not now understand, but afterwards will it all be plain to you.

PETER. Master! Never will I let you wash my feet!

CHRISTUS. If I do not wash you, then will you have no share with me.

PETER. Master, if such be the case, not only my feet, but also my hands, my head!

CHRISTUS. He who is washed already, need but bathe his feet, for he is quite clean. (*Washes the feet of each Disciple; afterwards He replaces His outer garment, and, standing in their midst, looks around.*) Ye are now clean, but not all. (*Seats Himself.*) Know you what I have done unto you? You call me Master and Lord, and you say well, for so I am. If now, I, your Master, have washed your feet, so should you also do likewise unto each other. For I have given unto you an example, that you may so do as I have done. Verily, verily, the servant is not greater than He who sent him. If you know these things, blessèd are you if you do them. (*Rising again.*) Children, not much longer shall I be amongst you. But that my memory may never die, I shall leave behind me an everlasting symbol of my eternal presence. The Old Covenant between my Father and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob is at an end. And I say unto you: A New Covenant now begins, which I consecrate with mine own blood, as God the Father commanded of me. And this shall endure until all is fulfilled. (*He takes the bread, blesses and breaks it.*) Take and eat! This is my body, which will be sacrificed for you. (*Gives each Disciple a small piece.*) This do in remembrance of me! (*Lifts the chalice of wine and blesses it.*) Take this and drink therefrom, for it is the cup of the New Testament in my blood which is shed for you and others — shed for the forgiveness of sin. (*Hands the cup to each one.*) So often as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me. [*Seats Himself.*

*Angel Chorus during the Holy Supper.**

Oh, the humble! oh, the loving!
See the Saviour kneeling there,
At the feet of His Disciples,
Serving humbly and with care.

Oh, such lowly grace remember,
Love as He has loved so true!
Unto others service render
Such as He has done to you!

JOHN. Best of Teachers, never will I forget your love. You know that I love you. [*Bows his head upon the breast of Christus.*

THE APOSTLES (*with the exception of Judas*). O Thou who art so full of love, eternally will we be bound to Thee.

PETER. This holy meal of the New Testament shall be perpetuated forever in conformity with Thy will.

MATTHEW. And so often as we celebrate it, will we think on Thee!

ALL. Belovéd Teacher! O Divine One! O best of friends!

CHRISTUS. My children, abide in me, and I will abide in you. Even as the Father has loved me, so have I loved you. Remain in my love! But, — alas!

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* Given by Stead; not in Daisenberger.

must I say it? The hand of my betrayer is here with me at this table.

DISCIPLES (*severally*). How, a betrayer amongst us?

PETER. Is it possible?

CHRISTUS. Verily, verily, I say unto you: One among you shall betray me.

ANDREW. Master, one of us twelve?

CHRISTUS. Yea, one of the twelve! — one who has dipped his hand into this very dish with me, shall betray me. The Scriptures will be fulfilled: Whoso eats bread with me, his foot against me shall be raised.

THOMAS AND SIMON. Who can this faithless creature be?

MATTHEW. Master, you can look into all hearts. You know it is not I.

THE TWO JAMESES. Declare him openly, the infamous traitor!

JUDAS. Master, is it I?

THADDEUS. Rather my life than such a step!

BARTHOLOMEW. Rather would I sink into the earth for shame!

CHRISTUS (*to Judas*). Thou hast said it. (*To all.*) The Son of Man now goeth as it is prophesied; but woe unto him through whom the Son of Man is betrayed! Better for him had he never been born!

PETER (*leaning toward John*). Of whom does He speak?

JOHN (*leaning toward Christus*). Master, who is it?

CHRISTUS (*to John*). It is he to whom I give the bread that I have soaked.

MANY APOSTLES. Who might that be?

CHRISTUS (*after He has passed the bread to Judas*). What you do, do quickly! [*Judas hastens from the room.*

THOMAS (*to Simon*). Why does Judas leave so suddenly?

SIMON. Probably the Master has sent him to buy something.

THADDEUS. Or to distribute alms among the poor.

SECOND SCENE

CHRISTUS. Now will the Son of Man be glorified, and through Him, God the Father also. If God through Him is glorified, then will God glorify Him in Himself. Little children of mine! But yet awhile am I among you. You would seek me, but, as I have said unto the Jews: Whither I go, there can you not come. Thus say I now unto you.

PETER. Master, whither do you go?

CHRISTUS. Whither I go, there can you not now follow me; but later shall you come.

PETER. Why not now? For you would I fain give my life!

CHRISTUS. Would you give up your life for me? Simon, Simon, Satan would claim you, that he might sift you as wheat is sifted. But I have interceded, that your faith may not fail you. And when you are saved, then strengthen your brothers. This night will you all be offended by me, for it already stands written: I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of His flock will be scattered.

PETER. Even though others be offended, I will not. Lord, I am ready to go with you to prison, — yea, even unto death!

CHRISTUS. Verily, verily, I say unto you: Peter! to-day, even this night before the cock crows twice, will you three times deny me.

PETER. Though I should die with you, yet would I never deny you!

ALL. Master, everlastingly will we remain true unto you. None amongst us shall betray you.

CHRISTUS. When I sent you forth without purse or pouch or shoes, were you lacking aught?

ALL. No, nothing!

CHRISTUS. But now take each one his own purse, and likewise his pouch. And whosoever has no sword, let him sell his coat and buy one. For there begins a time of trial, and I say unto you: In me must be fulfilled that which stands written: He was reckoned among the transgressors.

PETER AND PHILIP. Behold, Lord, here are two swords!

CHRISTUS. Enough! Let us arise and pronounce thanksgiving. (*With His Disciples.*) Praise the Lord, all you people! Praise Him, all the Nations of the earth! for His compassion is established over us. The truth of the Lord is everlasting. (*Goes to the foreground, and remains standing for a while with His face raised toward heaven. The Apostles stand on either side, with troubled look upon Him.*) My children, why are you so sad, and why look upon me thus grieved? Trouble not your hearts. You believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, and I go even now to make ready a place for you; then I will come again, and take you unto myself, that you also may be where I am. I leave you not as orphans. I leave with you peace; yea, mine own peace do I give unto you, but not as the world bestows it. Keep this my commandment: That you love one another, as I have loved you! Thereby shall all know you as my Disciples. Hereafter will I not hold much speech with you. For the Prince of the World cometh, although he hath naught to seek in me. But that the world may know I love the Father, thus will I do even as the Father has commanded me. Let us depart from this place. [*They go.*

END OF ACT

VI. REPRESENTATION

The Betrayer

Prologue

His foes have bereft Him!
False friend, thou hast left Him —
For silver thou turnest away to thy ruth!

Thy conscience will cloy thee,
Thy error destroy thee,
The heart of a fool never holds to the truth.

Ungrateful you leave Him,
In shame you deceive Him,
You traffic in souls for your profit and gain!
For silver betray Him,
For silver you slay Him,
A traitor's reward is your price for His pain!

'T was thus that a brother
Was sold to another —
His value was weighed in the scales of the mart!
No love could withhold them,
No mercy enfold them,
These wild sons of Jacob were hardened in heart!

Let silver but bind you,
Let gold ever blind you!
Then honour and love and man's word have an end!
The idol will claim you —
Nor conscience will shame you —
For silver or gold you would barter your friend!

SOLO. Oh, Judas, art thou blinded quite?
Is gold so loving to thy sight
That thou wouldst sell thy Master so,
Without a shudder let Him go?
Thy doom is laid upon thy head.
Already has the Master said:
" Amongst you one shall me betray."
Thus spake He thrice. And yet, oh, stay,
Is there no fervour in thy trust?
Art thou so deeply dyed in lust?

CHORUS. Ah, Judas, Judas, do not sin;
Bethink the crime thou wouldst be in!
Yet no! By greed turned deaf and blind,
He goes to serve the Council's mind!
The self-same evil is their plan,
Which once took place in far Dathan!

TABLEAU: *For twenty pieces of silver the sons of Jacob sell their brother Joseph. Gen. 37:28. This scene typifies the treachery of Judas, who unto the Pharisees delivers his Master for thirty pieces of silver.*

SOLO. "What am I bid," the brothers cry,
"For this fair boy you seek to buy?"
The life and blood of Jacob's son
They fain would sell to anyone —
And now for twenty silver pence,
They would for that commit offence.
"What will you give? — and how reward —
If I to you betray the Lord?"
Iscariot spake, and then agreed
To serve the Council's bloody need —
They gave him silver for the deed!

CHORUS. Behold, this picture to our eyes,
Reminds us we are worldly wise,
And often sell our friends like this —
Betraying with a traitor's kiss!
Ye curse the sale of Jacob's son,
And him who sold the holy One,
And yet for envy, hate, and greed,
Destroy the peace and joy you need!

ACT VI

Judas comes before the Sanhedrin, and promises for thirty pieces of silver to hand over his Master to the Pharisees: these latter determine on the death of Jesus.

FIRST SCENE

The High Council

CAIAPHAS. Welcome tidings, assembled Fathers, have I to impart unto you. The would-be Prophet out of Galilee, I hope, will soon be in our hands. Dathan, the zealous Israelite, has won over to our cause a most trusted companion of the Galilean, who has consented to serve as guide for our night attack. Both of them are already here, and only await the summons of this august assembly.

MANY VOICES. Some one call them in.

JOSUE. I will do so.

CAIAPHAS. Yes, call them. (*Exit Josue.*) And now I would learn your will, holy Brothers, as to the price which shall be given for the deed.

NATHANAEL. The Law of Moses instructs us thereon: a slave shall be valued at thirty pieces of silver.

PRIESTS. Yes, yes, such a slave's price is the false Messiah worth!

SECOND SCENE

Dathan and Judas come before the High Council.

DATHAN. Most learned Council! Herewith my errand is complete, for I present to you, Fathers, a man who, in return for a suitable reward, is willing to deliver our enemy which we have in common into your authority. He is an intimate associate of yon Galilean, and knows His ways and His secret haunts.

CAIAPHAS (*to Judas*). Know you the man whom the High Council seeks?

JUDAS. For a long while have I been of His company; yea, I know Him and also where He is wont to stop.

CAIAPHAS. What is your name?

JUDAS. I am called Judas, and am one of the Twelve.

PRIESTS. Truly, we have seen you often with Him!

CAIAPHAS. Are you now fully determined to aid us in conformity with our will?

JUDAS. I give you my word thereon.

CAIAPHAS. Will you not repent of it? What has moved you to this step?

JUDAS. The friendship between Him and me has been cooling for some time, and now have I quite broken with Him.

CAIAPHAS. What has caused you to take this step?

JUDAS. There is naught more to be had from Him, and upon the whole I am resolved to conform to lawful authority, which is assuredly the best. What will you give me if I deliver Him over to you?

CAIAPHAS. Thirty pieces of silver shall be yours, and that immediately.

DATHAN. Hear, Judas, thirty pieces of silver! What profit!

NATHANAEL. And mark, Judas, that is not all. If you accomplish your work well, then further consideration will be made you!

EZEKIEL. You may become a rich and distinguished man.

JUDAS. I am satisfied. (*To himself.*) Now, indeed, rises my true star of hope.

CAIAPHAS. Rabbi, bring the thirty pieces of silver from the Treasury, and, in the presence of the entire Council, pay them over. Is this your will?

PRIESTS. Indeed it is! [*Rabbi departs.*

NICODEMUS. How can you conclude such a wicked bargain? (*To Judas.*) And you, base wretch, do you not blush to sell your Lord and Master, you godless, perfidious creature whom the earth shall swallow up? For thirty pieces of silver you would betray your most loving Friend and Benefactor? Stay, ere it is too late! this blood money will cry unto Heaven for vengeance, and will burn into your avaricious soul some day like hot iron! [*Judas stands trembling and undone.*

JOSUE. Be not annoyed, Judas, by the speech of this zealot. Let him be a disciple of this false Prophet.

But you do your duty as a follower of Moses, and at the same time you serve the lawful authorities.

RABBI (*arrives with the silver*). Come, Judas, take the thirty pieces of silver and play the man! [*Counts out the money to him, ringing each piece upon the table, so that it sounds lustily; Judas pockets the coins greedily.*

JUDAS. My word upon it, you may depend on me.

SARAS. Before the Feast the work must be done.

JUDAS. At this moment the most perfect opportunity offers itself. He shall be in your hands to-night! Give me an armed guard so that He may be well surrounded, so that every way of flight may be shut from Him.

ANNAS. Let us send the Temple watch.

EZEKIEL. Yes, yes, order them to go forthwith!

CAIAPHAS. It would seem also advisable to dispatch some members of the holy Sanhedrin.

ALL. We are all ready.

EZEKIEL. The High Priest must choose.

CAIAPHAS. Be that the case, then I select Nathan, Josaphat, Salomon, and Ptolemäus. [*The four stand up.*

THE PRIESTS. We are ready.

CAIAPHAS. But, Judas, how will the Master be recognized in the dark?

JUDAS. The soldiers shall come with torch and lantern, and besides, I will give them a sign.

PRIESTS. Excellent! Excellent!

JUDAS. Now, I must hasten ahead and spy upon everything, then return for the armed force.

DATHAN. I will accompany you, Judas, and never leave your side until the work is done.

JUDAS. At the Gate of Bethphage I shall await your men. [*Judas goes with Dathan and the four delegates.*

THIRD SCENE

The High Council

CAIAPHAS. All moves excellently well, worthy Fathers. But now it were best for us to consider the leading question: What shall we do with this Man, once He is delivered into our hands?

SADOK. Let Him be thrown into the deepest, the darkest dungeon, and kept there, loaded down with chains and well guarded! There, let Him go through a living death!

CAIAPHAS. Who among you can guarantee that His friends would not provoke a riot and set Him free, or that the guard might not be bribed? By means of His atrocious magic, could He not break through His chains? (*The Priests are silent.*) I see clearly you neither know nor understand. Hear then the High Priest. It is better that one man die than that a whole nation go to ruin. He must die! Until He dies there is no peace in Israel, no safety for the Law of Moses, no hour of rest for us!

RABBI. God hath spoken through His High Priest! Only by the death of Jesus of Nazareth can the people of Israel be delivered!

NATHANAEL. For a long while have the same words been upon my lips. And now have they been spoken. Let Him die, this enemy of our Fathers!

PRIESTS (*excitedly*). Yes, He must die! In His death is our salvation!

ANNAS. By these gray hairs of mine, I swear: I will not rest until our insult is wiped out in the blood of this Seducer.

NICODEMUS. May I be allowed a word, O Fathers?

ALL. Yes, speak, speak!

NICODEMUS. Thus far has the judgment upon this Man been spoken without a hearing, an examination, or a gathering of witnesses. Is this a proceeding worthy the priests of the people of God?

NATHANAEL. What! dare you accuse the Council of injustice?

SADOK. Know you the holy Law? Compare —

NICODEMUS. I know the Law; and therefore do I also know: Before all testimony is examined, the judge is not allowed to render judgment.

JOSUE. What need is there now for further witnesses? We ourselves have heard His speech and have noted His acts whereby He has outraged the Law.

NICODEMUS. You are all accusers, witnesses, and judges in one. I have listened to His sublime teaching and have seen Him perform His miraculous deeds; they deserve belief and admiration, not contempt and punishment.

CAIAPHAS. What! this scoundrel, Jesus of Nazareth, deserves admiration? Admiration? You believe in the Law of Moses, and yet will justify what the Law condemns? Ha, Fathers, up, the Law demands vengeance!

PRIESTS. Out from our midst if you persist in such speech!

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA. I agree with Nicodemus. Naught has been proven against Jesus which makes Him deserving of death. He has done nothing but good.

CAIAPHAS. You also? Is it not everywhere known how He desecrated the Sabbath, and misled the people by His false speech? In His deception has He not performed His so-called wonders through Beelzebub? Has He not set Himself up as a God, He who is merely a man?

THE PRIESTS. Do you hear that?

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA. Yea, envy and malice have wrongly construed His words and attributed base motives to His worthiest deeds. That He is from God, His godlike acts bear witness.

NATHANAEL. Ha! we know you! For a long time you have been a secret follower of this Galilean! Now you have fully unmasked yourself.

ANNAS. So, even in our very midst have we traitors to the holy Law — even thus far has the Deceiver cast His net!

CAIAPHAS. What do you here, you Apostates? Return to your Prophet, hasten after Him, ere His hour strikes when He shall die! That is irrevocably said!

PRIESTS. Yes, He must die! Such is our decree!

NICODEMUS. I deplore this resolve; no part whatsoever will I have in this infamous proceeding.

JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA. Likewise will I forswear the place where the innocent are murdered. I swear to God: My soul is clean! [*Exeunt Nicodemus and Joseph.*

FOURTH SCENE

The High Council

JOSUE. At last we are rid of these traitors. Now may we speak freely among ourselves.

CAIAPHAS. Brothers, it will certainly be necessary for us to sit in formal judgment on this Man; yea, and to examine Him, else the people may believe we persecuted Him out of hate and malice.

JACOB. The Law requires at least two witnesses.

SAMUEL. We shall not be lacking as to witnesses; I myself shall take care of that.

DARIABAS. Our sentence stands as at first determined, but in order to satisfy the timid we must observe the legal forms.

EZEKIEL. Should these not be sufficient, then must our force of mind and will supply the rest.

RABBI. What matter if He be guilty, more or less? The public weal demands once and for all that He be removed.

CAIAPHAS. Moreover, in the fulfilment, it would be far safer if we could bring it about that the Governor of the Province condemn Him to death — then would all responsibility, all blame, be removed from us.

NATHANAEL. This we might try. And if it does not succeed, there is always left us to have our sentence carried out by our representatives during the excitement of a riot! This could we do, without being openly concerned in the matter.

RABBI. And in the case of dire failure on our part, we assuredly could find some hand which, in the silence of the dungeon-keep, would rid the Sanhedrin of its enemy.

CAIAPHAS. Time will show us. And now, let us adjourn. But be ready at any hour of the night. I may have to call you, for there is no time to lose. Our resolve is: He dies!

ALL (*vehemently*). He dies, He dies — this enemy of our holy Law!

END OF ACT

VII. REPRESENTATION

Christus on the Mount of Olives

Prologue

The weight of sin rests on the Saviour now,
As once on Adam fell the bitter strife —
His strength exhausted, sweat upon his brow —
Who fought to expiate his guilt in life.

The Saviour's head is bowed, His face is white,
With bloody drops of silent anguish found;
There, on Gethsemane He fights His fight,
Heartweary in a sea of sadness bound.

But hark, the leader of the band draws near —
Iscariot, the faithless, the untrue —
In shameless profanation, and with sneer,
Intent upon the work he has to do!

'T was thus that Joab with unfeignéd guile,
Amasa's hand held fast in friendly part,
And kissed him on the lips with cunning smile,
And pressed the dagger's blade into his heart!

SOLO. Lo, Judas took the bit of broken bread,
Which, at the Sacrament, the Master blessed!
All doubts within him on the moment fled,
And thoughts of Satan welled within his breast!

Then spake the Lord, "Oh, Judas, wicked one!
What thou wouldst do, let it be quickly done."
Then Judas turned, and hastened from the room,
And pledged himself unto the Saviour's doom!

The deed accomplished and the aim achieved!
What terror in the thought, the world dismayed!
The Christ by Judas pledged to be deceived!
The Christ by Judas kissed and thus betrayed!

CHORUS. Now come, ye people, and with Jesus go,
To see Him suffer on the cross, and die!
The night descends, yet in the evening glow,
The sign of hope draws nigh!

TABLEAU: *Adam in bitterness must eat his bread. Gen. 3:17. Like Adam, who for his sin toiled in sweat for his punishment, so Christus shall on the Mount of Olives be drenched in the cold sweat of agony, and expiate the sins of Mankind.*

SOLO. Consuming heat and bitter dread,
In weight descend on Adam's head —
The sweat of anguish and disgrace,
Like drops of blood upon his face!

CHORUS. Behold, the fruit of sin is there,
God's curse on Nature made aware!
For racking pain and toilsome gain
But little fruit can Nature spare!

SOLO. Thus our Saviour, sorely yearning,
Bitter anguish in Him burning,
Adam's sin upon Him weighing,
On Gethsemane is praying!

CHORUS. 'Gainst sin He struggles for the world,
'Gainst sin His strength the Lord has hurled —
He quivers, trembles, yet is brave,
And drinks the sorrow of the grave!

TABLEAU: *Joab, pretending to give a friendly kiss to Amasa, thrusts a dagger into his body. 2 Sam. 20:9. The picture recalls the kiss bv which Judas betrayed the Saviour.*

CHORAGUS (*Recit.*). The scene, once famed in Gibeon's land,
Repeats itself at Judas' hand!

Ye rocks of Gibeon, cry aloud!
Ye rocks, which mists of night enshroud,
Ye once could boast, ye once were proud!
But now, dishonoured, do ye stand —
Ye rocks once famed in Gibeon's land!
Yea, speak that we may understand!

CHORUS (*in the distance*). Away, ye wanderers, away
from here!
This blood-stained spot, accursed and drear,
Is where Amasa's life was spilled,
In friendly guise by Joab killed.
Oh, cursèd be, oh, cursèd be!
The curse of curses rest on thee!

CHORAGUS. The rocks complain!
Revenge the stain!
The blood-soaked earth revenge hath ta'en!
Ye rocks of Gibeon, silence while we tell
What at Gethsemane befell!

Ye rocks of Gibeon, Judas thither came,
Dissembling, lying, restless without shame —
Upon the Master sealed a kiss, and turned
Unto the silver such a deed had earned!

CHORUS. Accursed they
Who friends betray,
Who love pass by
With lie on lie!
Who kiss in guile,
With cunning smile.
Curse ye such souls that thus dissemble!
Curse those whom Judas doth resemble!

ACT VII

Christus suffers the bitter death-agony; is betrayed by Judas with a kiss into the hands of the soldiers who lead Him captive away.

FIRST SCENE

In the Neighbourhood of the Mount of Olives.—Judas, Nathan, Josue, Ptolomäus, Salomon, the Traders, Selpha, Malchus, the Soldiers

JUDAS. Now take care! We are drawing near to the place where in retirement the Master rests. In this lonely spot for the last time He spends the night.

SALOMON. It would be well to avoid having the Disciples spy us too soon.

JUDAS. They are unconcerned and suspect naught of an attack. Hence we need fear no resistance.

SOLDIER. And should they attempt it, they would soon feel the strength of our arms!

JUDAS. Rest easy. You will capture Him without the use of a sword.

JOSAPHAT. But how will we recognize Him in the dark, so as not to take another instead of the one we desire?

JUDAS. Mark the sign I will give to you. As soon as we enter the garden, then pay close attention! For I will hurry up to Him, and whomsoever I kiss, that is He. Him you must bind.

KORAH. Good! with such a sign we could not go astray.

PTOLOMÄUS (*to the Soldiers*). Do you hear? By the kiss shall you know the Master.

SOLDIER. Indeed! We will not mistake Him!

JUDAS. Make haste! The time has come; we are not so far away from the garden.

JOSAPHAT. Judas, if all goes well with us this night, then shall you reap rich profit from your work.

TRADERS. We also will give you a large reward.

SOLDIERS. Beware, you Stirrer up of the people! Soon will your deserts overtake you! [*They exit.*

SECOND SCENE

The Mount of Olives

Christus and His Disciples come forward slowly from the background.

CHRISTUS. Verily, verily, I say unto you: You shall weep and lament, but the world will shout for joy. You shall be sad, but your grief will be turned into exultation. For I will see you again, and your heart will be glad, yea, and your joy no one can take from you. I forsake the world, and enter unto my Father.

PETER. Behold, you speak clearly unto us, and no longer in parables.

JAMES THE ELDER. Now we realize you know all things and need ask of no one.

THOMAS. Hence we believe that you are come from God.

CHRISTUS. Do you now have faith? But behold! The hour is coming, yea, is already come, when you, each to his own, shall be scattered, and shall leave me alone. Yet still am I not alone, for our Father is with me. Yea, Father! The hour has come! Exalt Thy Son, so that He may glorify Thee! I have fulfilled the work Thou hast put upon me to do; I have disclosed Thy name to men, whom Thou gavest me. Holy Father, receive them in Thy name. Hallow them, consecrate them in the Truth. Not alone do I beg for them, but also for those who through Thy word shall believe in me — that all may be one, even as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee. Father! I would that wheresoever I am, they may be also — those whom Thou hast given me, that they may behold my splendour which Thou hast bestowed upon me. For Thou didst love me before the beginning of time. (*Reaching the entrance to Gethsemane, Christus turns to the Disciples with infinite sadness.*) Children, rest here, while I go within and pray. — Pray also that you do not fall into temptation. But you, Peter, James, and John, follow me! [*Enters with the three Disciples.*

DISCIPLES (*who remain behind*). What has occurred to our Master?

BARTHOLOMEW. Never have I seen Him so sad.

JAMES THE LESS. My heart also is full of anguish.

MATTHEW. Oh, that this night were over, with its fateful hours.

A DISCIPLE. Not without cause has the Master prepared us for this.

PHILIP. Dear Brothers, let us here settle ourselves until He returns.

THOMAS. Yes, I am quite weary and weak. [*All sit down.*

CHRISTUS (*in the foreground, to the three Apostles*). Oh, belovéd Children, my soul is troubled, even unto death. Remain here and watch with me! (*After a pause.*) I will go hence a little ways, that I may strengthen myself through communion with my Father. [*Moves toward the grotto slowly and with faltering steps.*

PETER (*gazing after him*). Ah, best of Masters!

JOHN. My soul suffers with the soul of our Teacher.

PETER. I am so downcast, so anxious.

JAMES. Why does the good Master thus separate us now from one another?

JOHN. Alas, we are to be witnesses.

PETER. You remember, Brothers, we were witnesses of His transfiguration on the mountain. But now — what is it we must see? [*They gradually fall asleep.*

CHRISTUS (*near the grotto*). In such manner shall the hour come upon me — the hour of darkness! For this, indeed, I was sent into the world. (*Reaching the grotto, He throws Himself upon His knees.*) Father! My Father! If it is possible — and with Thee all things are possible — then let this cup pass from me. (*Falls upon His face and remains awhile, rising to His knees once more.*) Yet, Father, not as I would, but as Thou wouldst, shall it be done! (*Stands, gazes to heaven, then returns to His three Disciples.*) Simon!

PETER (*as in a dream*). Alas, my Master!

CHRISTUS. Simon, are you asleep?

PETER. Master, see, here am I!

CHRISTUS. Could you not watch with me an hour?

PETER. Master, forgive me!

JOHN AND JAMES. Rabbi, sleep overcame us.

CHRISTUS. Alas, watch and pray, that you fall not into temptation.

THE THREE APOSTLES. Yea, Master, we will pray and watch.

CHRISTUS. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. (*Returns to the grotto.*) My Father, Thy demand is just! Thy decrees are holy. Thou askest this sacrifice — (*Falls on His knees.*) Father, the battle is difficult! (*Bends low and then raises Himself.*) Still, if the cup cannot pass me, without I drink, then, Father, Thy will be done. (*Stands up.*) Holy One, by me shall all be worthily accomplished. (*Turns toward the sleeping Disciples.*) Are your eyes then so heavy that you cannot watch with me? Oh, my trusted followers, even in you I find no consolation! (*Taking a few steps toward the grotto, He pauses.*) Alas, how dark is everything around me! The pangs of death overwhelm me! The burden of godly judgment rests upon me. Oh, the sins, the sins of mankind! they weigh me down! Oh, the fearful burden! Oh, the bitterness of this cup! (*Reaches the grotto.*) My Father! (*On His knees.*) If this hour may not be taken from me, then Thy will be done, Thy most holy will! — Father, Father — Thy Son — hear Him!

THIRD SCENE

An Angel appears.

THE ANGEL. Son of Man! Hallow Thy Father's will! Contemplate the eternal bliss which will come out of Thy Passion! The Father has put upon Thee, and Thou hast freely taken it upon Thyself, to atone for the sins of Mankind. Do what Thou hast set out to do. The Father will glorify Thee.

CHRISTUS. Yea, most Holy Father! I reverence Thy will — and by me shall it be consummated — to reconcile, to save, to bless. (*Stands up.*) Fortified through Thy word, O Father, I go joyfully to the fate ordained me as hostage for the sins of the world. (*To the three Disciples.*) Sleep on and rest!

PETER. What is it, Master?

THE THREE. Behold, we are ready.

CHRISTUS. The hour has come. The Son of Man will be delivered into the hands of the sinners. Arise, and let us go. [*A clank of weapons is heard; the other Disciples waken.*

DISCIPLES (*in the background*). What is that uproar?

PHILIP. Come, let us gather around the Master. We will not leave Him. [*They hasten toward Christus.*

CHRISTUS. Behold! He who shall betray me draws near.

ANDREW. What means this multitude?

ALL. Alas! we are undone!

JOHN. And see, Judas at their head!

FOURTH SCENE

JUDAS (*hastening toward Christus*). Rabbi, greetings be unto you. [*Kisses Him.*

CHRISTUS. Friend, why do you come? Judas, with a kiss you betray the Son of Man! (*Advances toward the crowd.*) Whom seek you?

SOLDIERS. Jesus of Nazareth.

CHRISTUS. I am He. [*The leaders bow down.*

SOLDIERS. Woe unto us! What is this? [*They fall to the ground.*

DISCIPLES (*joyfully*). One word from Him upsets them!

CHRISTUS (*to the Soldiers*). Fear not! Stand up!

DISCIPLES. Lord, cast them down, that they may nevermore arise.

CHRISTUS. Whom seek you?

SOLDIERS. Jesus of Nazareth.

CHRISTUS. I have already said that I am He. If then you seek me, let these others go.

SELPHA. Seize Him!

PHILIP. Master, shall we strike with our swords? [*Peter cuts off the ear of Malchus.*

MALCHUS. Woe! I am hurt! Alas, my ear is cut off!

CHRISTUS (*to the Disciples*). Leave off! No more of this! (*To Malchus.*) Be comforted, for you shall be healed! (*Touches the ear of Malchus, then turns to Peter.*) As for you, put up your sword into its sheath, for all who lay hold on the sword, by the sword shall perish. Shall I not drink from the cup which the Father has given me? or think you not that if I prayed to the Father he would not send to my help many legions of angels? Yet how, then, would the Scriptures be fulfilled? (*To the Pharisees.*) Am I a thief that you come to take me with swords and clubs? And I sat with you daily in the Temple and taught, yet you did not stretch forth your hand and seize me! But this is your hour! Behold, here I am!

SELPHA. Surround Him, and bind Him fast, so that He may not possibly escape!

NATHAN. You will be answerable to the High Council. [*The Disciples slip away.*

SOLDIERS. Ha! He shall not escape from our hands!

OBIRON (*to the Traders*). Now, Brothers, let us satisfy our revenge!

DATHAN. Remember what He did to us in the Temple!

JOSAPHAT (*to the Pharisees*). We will hasten in advance into the city. The Sanhedrin anxiously awaits our arrival.

TRADERS. But we will not for an instant leave the side of this Scoundrel!

NATHAN. First, we must to the High Priest, Annas. Thither lead Him!

SELPHA. We follow!

JOSAPHAT (*to Judas*). Judas, you are a Man!

SALOMON. You have kept your word!

JUDAS. Indeed, I said to you that this very day you would have Him.

PTOLOMÄUS. The entire High Council have you made bounden unto you. [*Going.*

SOLDIERS (*urging Christus before them*). Away with you to Jerusalem! There will the sentence upon you be spoken.

SELPHA. Let us hasten! Watch Him carefully.

SOLDIERS. Ha! run now as in the land of Judæa you were wont to run!

SELPHA. Drive Him on. Spare Him not!

SOLDIERS. On with you, else we will drive you with our clubs.

TRADERS. Ha, ha! does Beelzebub then no longer aid you? [*They all exit.*

END OF ACT
END OF FIRST DIVISION

Usually an interval of an hour and a half ensues.

SECOND DIVISION

From the Arrest on the Mount of Olives to the Condemnation by Pilate

VIII. REPRESENTATION

Jesus before Annas

Prologue

Oh, night of fear! From place to place,
From judgment seat to judgment seat,
Abuséd to His very face,
The Saviour with contempt they treat!

He spake to Annas but a word —
A rough hand was against Him raised!
The blow received nor look demurred —
The hand that struck besought and praised!

Micaiah, too, was treated so,
When he to Ahab truth proclaimed;
A lying prophet struck the blow,
With jealous wrath inflamed.

For truth most often genders Hate,
Yet naught may break its constant light;
To those who purely contemplate,
The truth will flood the darkest night!

CHORUS. Oh, Sinners, in your hearts retain
The mem'ry of the Saviour's pain,
Upon Gethsemane begun,
And suffered by the Holy One!

For you He suffered in despair!
For you His Passion and His Care!
Upon Him rested Sorrow's crown,
By terror torn, with head bowed down;
The sweat of anguish through Him coursed,
Like blood, from Him the sweat was forced!

TABLEAU: *Micaiah, the Prophet, receives a blow in the face because he speaks the truth of King Ahab. 1 Kings 22:24. An allusion to the first trial of Christus by Annas, the High Priest, where the Saviour suffers a blow in the face.*

SOLO. Whoso the truth in freedom deals,
The sting of hate he later feels!
Micaiah dealt in truth, and lo!
Upon his face was struck a blow.
"Oh, King!" he said, "should Ramoth fight,
He will o'ercome thee with his might.

"To save thyself from Baal's seer —
Unto false prophets lend no ear!"
'T was thus Micaiah spake the word —
No flattery by Ahab heard!
In fury on him rushed a liar,
And smote him, such his hate, his ire!

CHORUS.* Thus hypocrites and liars too,
Pluck laurel leaves without ado!
'T is truth alone must yield its pride,
For truth no flattery can bide!

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* A slight deviation from Daisenberger is found.

ACT VIII

Christus is led before Annas, and is struck in the face.

FIRST SCENE

Annas, Esdras, Sidrach, Misael

ANNAS. I can find no rest tonight until I learn that this Disturber of our peace is in our hands. Oh, were He only safe in chains! Full of anxiety I await my servant with the welcome news.

ESDRAS. They cannot tarry much longer, for ample time has passed since they went away.

ANNAS. In vain has my troubled gaze wandered up and down the street of Kidron. Naught could I see or hear. Go, my Esdras, hasten to the Gate of Kidron and see whether they do not approach.

ESDRAS. Thither will I quickly go! [*Exits.*

ANNAS. It would indeed serve as a thunderclap upon the Sanhedrin if this time the outcome were unsuccessful.

SIDRACH. High Priest, leave your grieving!

MISAEL. There is truly no doubt of our success.

ANNAS. They have perchance changed their way and are returning by Siloa Gate. I must keep an eye on that place also.

SIDRACH. If the High Priest so wishes it, I will to the Siloa Gate —

ANNAS. Yes, do so! Yet see first whether anyone comes by way of Sanhedrin Street!

SIDRACH. I will not delay. [*Exits.*

ANNAS. The night advances, and still no certainty. Every minute of this anxious delay seems more than an hour to me. I think — hark! — some one comes! Yes, yes, some one comes! Surely there will be good news.

SIDRACH (*hastening in*). My Lord, yonder Esdras comes in haste. I saw him running, fleet of foot, along the street.

ANNAS. He must bring gladsome tidings, since he thus makes such haste. I have, indeed, no more doubt as to the death of this Malefactor.

ESDRAS (*rushing in*). Hail to the High Priest! I have myself seen the Fathers chosen to go with Judas. Everything has occurred in accordance with your desire. The Galilean is in fetters! I have spoken with them, and hurried ahead quickly, so as to bring you instantly the joyful news.

ANNAS. Heavenly intelligence! Blissful hour! A weight is lifted from my heart, and I feel myself born again. For the first time indeed, I, with pride and joy, call myself the High Priest of the Chosen People.

SECOND SCENE

The four delegates of the High Council appear with Judas on the balcony.

THE FOUR PHARISEES. Long live our High Priest!

NATHAN. The wish of the High Counsel is fulfilled!

ANNAS. Oh, I must embrace you for very joy! So then our planning has prospered. Judas! you will receive an honourable place in our chronicles of the year. Even before the Feast, shall the Galilean die!

JUDAS (*terrified*). Die? — Die?

ANNAS. His death is determined upon.

JUDAS. I will not be held responsible for the life and blood of the Master!

ANNAS. Nor is it necessary. He is now in our power!

JUDAS. I did not deliver Him to you for this!

PTOLEMÄUS. You have done your part; the rest is our concern.

JUDAS. Woe is me! What have I done! Shall He die? No, no! I did not wish that, I will not have it! [*Goes away.*

THE PHARISEES (*laughing*). Whether you will or no, He still shall die!

THIRD SCENE

The former, without Judas. Directly after, Christus is led on, followed by the leader of the band, Selpha, the Servants, Balbus. All are on the balcony. The soldiers remain below.

ESDRAS. High Priest! The Prisoner is at the threshold.

ANNAS. Let Selpha with the necessary guard bring Him up. The others must wait for Him below. [*Selpha appears with Christus.*

SELPHA. High Priest! According to your command, the Prisoner stands here before your judgment bar.

ANNAS. Have you brought only Him captive?

BALBUS. His adherents scattered like frightened sheep.

SELPHA. We did not find it worth the trouble to catch them. However, Malchus came near losing his life.

ANNAS. How so? What happened? Speak quickly!

BALBUS. A Disciple struck at him with a drawn sword, hitting his ear, and it was cut off.

ANNAS. How? But it has left no mark.

BALBUS (*mocking*). The Miracle-worker, through His magic, put it back again.

ANNAS. What say you to this, Malchus? Speak.

MALCHUS (*earnestly*). I cannot explain it — a miracle has indeed happened to me.

ANNAS. Has the Deceiver forsooth bewitched you also? (*To Christus.*) Say, by what power have you done this? [*Christus remains silent.*

SELPHA. Answer, when your Judge questions you!

ANNAS. Speak! Give an account of your Disciples, and of your teaching which you have spread through all Judæa, and by which you have misled the people.

CHRISTUS. I have spoken openly before the world. I have always taught in the Temple and in the Synagogue, and naught have I said secretly. Why do you ask me? Question those who have heard me. They know what I have said.

BALBUS (*striking Christus*). Is it thus you answer the High Priest?

CHRISTUS. If I have spoken evil, then show that it is evil! But if I have spoken truth, why do you strike me?

ANNAS. Do you even thus now defy us, when the very power of life and death is in our hands? Take Him away! I am weary of the Impostor!

BALBUS (*to Jesus, as He is led away*). Just wait! Your pride will soon falter!

ANNAS. I will now rest me for a while, or rather reflect in silence as to how this fortunate commencement may be brought to as fortunate an end. I shall undoubtedly be called to the Sanhedrin very early in the morning. [*They exit.*

FOURTH SCENE

Christus in the midst of the Crowd

CROWD. Ha, the deuce, is His business already over?

SELPHA (*who leads Jesus*). Yes, His vindication has ended badly.

BALBUS. Nevertheless, it brought Him a sound slap in the face.

SELPHA. Men, take Him now, and let us hasten with Him to the palace of Caiaphas.

CROWD. Away with Him! Hurry up, you!

BALBUS. Be of cheer! From Caiaphas you will receive a much better reception.

CROWD. There, no doubt, the ravens will sing about your ears! (*Christus is led through the streets.*) You will become a laughing stock, an example for the entire nation!

BALBUS. Hurry! Your Disciples are all ready! They would proclaim you King of Israel!

SOME SOLDIERS. Is it not true that you have often dreamed of this?

SELPHA. Caiaphas, the High Priest, will now explain this dream to you.

BALBUS. Do you hear that? Caiaphas will proclaim your exaltation to you.

SOLDIERS (*with laughter*). Yes, in truth your elevation between heaven and earth!

SELPHA. Listen, you fellows! Yonder through the palace of Pilate is our nearest way to the house of Caiaphas. There place yourselves in the courtyard until further orders.

SOLDIERS (*in the mob*). Your commands shall be fully obeyed!*

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* The other German version omits this scene; Trench gives in Act VII, Sc. 5, dialogue between Peter and John, who both determine to follow Christus to Annas. Daisenberger omits this also.

FIFTH SCENE

Peter and John before the House of Annas. A Priest

PETER. Alas! How has it befallen our Master! John, I am so anxious about Him!

JOHN. I fear to approach the place, for undoubtedly He will receive ridicule and have abuse heaped upon Him.

PETER. It is so still about here.

JOHN. Inside the palace not even a human voice can be heard. Could they have taken Him away again?

ESDRAS (*stepping out*). What would you here at this time of night before the palace?

JOHN. Forgive us. We saw a crowd of people from afar; they came hither through the Gate of Kedron, and so we have come to see what has happened.

ESDRAS. They brought a Prisoner, but He has already been sent to Caiaphas.

JOHN. To Caiaphas? Then we will leave immediately.

ESDRAS. 'T is well, for otherwise I must have you taken up for night brawlers.

PETER. We will raise no disturbance and will go away silently. [*They exit.*

ESDRAS (*looking after them*). Perhaps they are Disciples of the Galilean. If I but knew! Still, they are not against our people, since they hasten to the palace of Caiaphas. The whole band must be destroyed, otherwise the people will never be brought to obedience! [*Exit.*

END OF ACT

IX. REPRESENTATION

Jesus before Caiaphas

Prologue

His enemies are judges, and before them now He stands,
The Lord in silence, patiently, behold, with folded hands!
He hears the words condemning, and the lies on every breath,
While the rod of accusation thrusts Him nearer unto death!

As did Naboth in his goodness meet the persecutor's rod,
Heard false witnesses proclaim him a blasphemer of his God,
So the Lord, whose fault is goodness, finds a like sad recompense
For His truth and for His love and for His kind beneficence!

Soon, before you, to your sorrow, will you see Him bent and bound —
While the servants set to guard Him, His dear person will surround.

Oh, the cries of sharp derision, and the blow that cometh after!
Oh, the harsh and bitter jeering, and the wild, inhuman laughter!

Thus did Job bow 'neath affliction in the days of long ago,
Laden down with heavy sorrow, every friend become his foe;
He foreshadowed in his anguish what was later to take place,
And in him proclaimed the likeness of the Saviour's patient face!

CHORAGUS (*Recit.*). In pity bleeds my heart
For Him who stands before the judgment seat!
He bears the sinner's part,
Betrayed and scorned and dragged from street to street.
Oh, men, your faces hide!
The Christ is touched by hands that desecrate!
He will be crucified!
Behold the scene which shadows forth His fate!

TABLEAU: *The innocent Naboth is condemned to death by false witnesses. 1 Kings 21 : 8, 13. As Naboth was, so will the innocent Saviour be condemned to death before the High Priest, Caiaphas, through false testimony. As on patient Job all imaginable scorn was heaped, so will the same be done unto the Saviour.*

CHORUS. "Naboth, O King, shall die!
He dared his God blaspheme, and thee abuse.
Let him effacéd be from Israel!"
Thus was proclaimed the lie —
Bribed were the Jews
By the wicked Jezebel!

SOLO. Upon the innocent revenge they take!
Upon the innocent their thirst they slake —
Their thirst for vengeance in unrighteous cause!
False rogues who scorn the sacredness of laws!
Deceit and Hate against the Christ are bent,
While Malice seeks to crush the Innocent!

CHORUS. Lords of the earth, beware, beware —
Of worldly rule ye have your share!
Forget not, in your regal dower,
A higher Judge, a greater Power.
The rich, the poor, the peasant-bred,
The nobly born, the underfed,
Are one to Him who rules above
In justice measured by His love!

TABLEAU: *The suffering Job is affronted by his wife and relatives. Job 2:9.*

Ah, what a man!
A Job in pain,
In ridicule, in mockery to judgment ta'en,
Thence to be slain!

Ah, what a man!
Beneath the burden of a cross He bends,
Scorned by His friends,
Yet His trust in God never ends —
Ah, what a man!

No noise of grief,
No supplication to be brief,
Amidst the mockery of unbelief;
Ah, what a man!
All ye whose hearts in pity break,
Shed tears of love for His dear sake!
Ah, what a man!

ACT IX

Christus is taken to Caiaphas, before whom He is tried, and upon Him the sentence of death is imposed. He is denied by Peter, and is scoffed at as well as maltreated by the servants. [Some versions begin with the following scene:

CROWD. Ha, let us go forward merrily! You must move on, so we may proclaim you King of Israel!

BALBUS. Your subjects joyfully await you. They have ready for you a crown and a sceptre.

MELCHI. You have often dreamed of this, have you not?

CROWD. Now it shall be fulfilled.

SELPHA. We will take Him to Caiaphas, who shall on the instant interpret this dream for Him.

BALBUS. Do you hear? Caiaphas will proclaim your elevation!

CROWD. Yes, yes, your elevation, high up — between heaven and earth. Ha, ha, ha!

SELPHA. You people, mark well! Here through these streets is the nearest way to Caiaphas. Stay you in the outer court yonder, while I go before the judge with this Evil-doer between these two thieves.

CROWD. Good, we will obey you in all things. [*Other versions begin with —*

FIRST SCENE

Caiaphas in his Bedroom. The Priests and Pharisees

CAIAPHAS. Our fortunate beginning portends the happiest realization of our wishes. I thank you, noble members of the Sanhedrin, for your zealous and wise co-operation!

JOSAPHAT. Our greatest gratitude is due the High Priest.

CAIAPHAS. Now, let us proceed without delay! All is ready. The Council shall immediately be assembled. Samuel has already brought hither the necessary witnesses. The trial of the Prisoner will be taken in hand without delay. Then shall judgment be rendered, and careful provision made for its execution. The quicker we are, the surer our success.

NATHAN. It would be best were the thing done before our adversaries have given much thought to the matter.

CAIAPHAS. That is my idea. Trust me, my friends, I have a plan which I hope to carry out.

SADOK. The wisdom of our High Priest deserves our fullest trust!

ALL. The God of our Fathers bless his steps!

SECOND SCENE

The foregoing. The Soldiers bring in Christus. The False Witnesses

SELPHA (*who is the leader of the guard*). Most exalted High Priest! Here is the Prisoner!

CAIAPHAS. Bring Him nearer, that I may look Him in the face and question Him.

SELPHA (*to Christus*). Step forward, and respect the head of the High Council.

CAIAPHAS. So, you are He who would attack our Synagogue, and would bring about the fall of the Law of Moses? You stand accused of inciting the people to disobedience, of scorning the sacred traditions of the Fathers, of repeatedly violating the divine regulations of the Sabbath, and of allowing yourself many times to utter blasphemous speeches and to do blasphemous deeds. Here stand some trusty men who are ready to vouch for the truth of these accusations with their evidence. Listen to them, — that you may answer them if you can!

FIRST WITNESS (*Nun*). I testify before God that this Man has incited the people, openly denouncing the members of the Council and the Scribes as hypocrites, as hungry wolves in sheep's clothing, as blind leaders of the blind, and, moreover, has proclaimed that no one should follow their decrees.

SECOND WITNESS (*Eliab*). I also agree to this, and, furthermore, can add that He has warned the people not to pay tribute to the Emperor.

FIRST WITNESS (*Nun*). Such ambiguous speech have I also heard Him utter!

CAIAPHAS (*to Christus*). What say you to this? Are you silent? — Have you naught to say in return?

THIRD WITNESS (*Gad*). I have often noted how He, with His Disciples, in defiance of the Law, has gone to the table with unwashed hands; how He has had friendly intercourse with the publicans and sinners, and has even entered their houses and eaten with them.

THE OTHER WITNESSES. We have also seen this.

THIRD WITNESS (*Gad*). I have heard from trustworthy sources that He even has spoken with Samaritans, and has dwelt with them for days at a time.

FIRST WITNESS (*Nun*). I also have been witness to what He has done on the Sabbath without fear — though forbidden by the Law of God. He has healed those seized with sickness, with the pest; He has urged others to desecrate the Sabbath; He even ordered a man to carry his bed to his house.

SECOND WITNESS (*Eliab*). I have seen that too!

CAIAPHAS (*to Christus*). How can you refute this? Have you nothing to say?

THIRD WITNESS (*Gad to Christus*). You have for I was present, taken unto yourself the power to forgive sins — a power belonging only to God. You have thus blasphemed God!

FIRST WITNESS (*Nun*). You have called God your Father, and have dared to name yourself as one with the Father. You have thus made yourself equal to God.

SECOND WITNESS (*Eliab*). You have raised yourself above our Father Abraham, and have dared to assert that you were, before Abraham was.

FOURTH WITNESS (*Raphim*). You have said: "I can destroy the Temple of God, and in three days build it up again."

FIFTH WITNESS (*Eliezer*). You have said: "I will destroy this Temple built by the hand of man, and in three days will I set up another which is not built by the hand of man."

CAIAPHAS. You have thus boasted of a superhuman, divine power! These are hard accusations; and they are lawfully attested. Contradict them if you can! I see, you believe by your silence you will be able to save yourself! You dare not admit before the Fathers of the people and before your Judge what you have taught. Or do you dare? Then hear: I, the High Priest, adjure you by the living God! Tell us, are you the Messiah, the only begotten Son of God — are you divine?

CHRISTUS. You have said it, and it is so. But I say unto you: From now on it will come to pass that the Son of Man shall sit upon the right hand of God in power and shall come out of the clouds of Heaven.

CAIAPHAS. He has blasphemed God! What need we further with witnesses? Behold, you yourselves have heard the blasphemy! What think you?

ALL. He deserves death!

CAIAPHAS. He is thus declared unanimously to be deserving of death. Still, neither I nor the High Council, but the holy Law itself, pronounces the sentence of death upon Him. You teachers of the Law! I bid you give me answer! What says the holy Law of him who is disobedient to the ordained authorities of God?

JOSUE (*reads*). "Whosoever is presumptuous and does not hearken to the commandments of the High Priest, or to the opinions of the Judges, shall die, and the evil be uprooted from Israel." (*Deut. 17:12. Some of the German versions are almost literal in their transcription.*)

CAIAPHAS. What does the Law prescribe for him who profanes the Sabbath?

EZEKIEL (*reads*). "Keep thou my Sabbath, for it is holy! Whoso profanes it shall be put to death! Whoso does any work thereon, that soul shall be cut aloof from the people."

CAIAPHAS. What punishment does the Law impose upon the blasphemer?

NATHANAEL (*reads*). "Say unto the children of Israel: He who blasphemes his God shall carry his offence! And whoso slanders the name of the Lord shall be put to death. The whole congregation shall stone him, be he born in the land or a stranger. Whoso blasphemes the name of the Lord shall be put to death!"

CAIAPHAS. Accordingly is the sentence spoken over this Jesus of Nazareth, in conformity with law, and it shall be carried out as soon as possible. In the mean time let the condemned be guarded. Away with Him, watch Him well, and in the early morning bring Him before the great Sanhedrin!

SELPHA. Then come, you Messiah! We will show you to your Palace!

BALBUS. There will you receive befitting homage! [*They lead Him away.*

THIRD SCENE

CAIAPHAS. We are nearing our goal! But now, the matter demands resolute proceedings!

ALL. We shall not rest until He is brought to death!

CAIAPHAS. At the break of day we will gather together again. Our intention must be secretly announced to the High Priest, Annas, and to the others. (*Cries of: "It shall be done without delay!"*) Then shall the judgment be confirmed by the whole Assembly, and the Prisoner immediately thereafter led before Pilate, in order that he may sanction our act and allow its execution.

ALL. Grant that the hour will soon come when we are rid of our enemy! God hasten the hour! [*They all depart.*

FOURTH SCENE

JUDAS (*alone*).* Fearful presentiments drive me hither and thither! Those dreadful words: He shall die! Oh, the thought pursues me everywhere! It is terrible! No, it must not come to that! They cannot go so far! It would be horrible if they — my Master — No — and I — I — guilty of it all! No! Here in the house of Caiaphas, I shall probably find how it goes with Him. Shall I enter? I can no longer bear this doubt, and yet it terrifies me to know the truth! My heart is breaking with anguish — still the truth must be some time! [*Enters.*

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* The several texts differ in wording rather than in spirit.

FIFTH SCENE

Hall. Agar, Sara, Melchi; then Panther, Arphaxad, Abdias, Levi; later, John, Peter; finally, Christus, led by Selpha, Malchus, and Balbus

AGAR (*to Melchi, outside*). You men, come in here.

SARA. It is more comfortable inside!

MELCHI. True, good children! (*Calls out.*) What ho, comrades, come in here! It is better for us to lie down in the hall. [*The men-at-arms enter.*

ARPHAXAD. This pleases me! Would, though, we had come in sooner! How foolish! We always stand outside in the open and freeze. But where is there any fire?

PANTHER. Go, Sara, fetch us fire, and wood to lay thereon.

AGAR. Surely!

SARA. That shall you have! [*They both go.*

SOLDIERS. Will the trial soon come to an end?

MELCHI. It may last longer, until all the witnesses are heard!

PANTHER. And the Accused will no doubt resort to a flow of rhetoric so as to free Himself.

ARPHAXAD. Still, that would be of no help to Him; He has offended the priesthood too deeply. [*Agar and Sara re-enter.*

AGAR. Here is fire for you.

SARA. And wood and tongs.

SOLDIERS. Thank you, girls!

PANTHER. Ah, that is good! Now let us see to it that the fire does not go out! [*Some sit around the fire, while others stand in groups. Sara brings them bread and drink.*

AGAR (*to John, who appears on the threshold*). John, do you come hither also in the middle of the night? Enter! Here you may warm yourself at the fire! Is it not so, you men, that you would not grudge a place for this young man?

SOLDIERS. To be sure! Come on!

JOHN. Good Agar! There is also with me a travelling companion. May he not be allowed to enter too?

AGAR. Where is he? Let him come in also! Why does he stand outside in the cold? (*John steps aside, but returns alone.*) Well, where is he?

JOHN. He waits on the threshold; but he does not trust himself inside.

AGAR. Come hither, good Friend, have no fear!

SOLDIERS. Yea, Comrade, come amongst us and warm yourself! [*Peter timidly draws nigh to the fire.*

ARPHAXAD. Still do we see naught and hear naught of the Prisoner.

ALL. How long must we wait?

PANTHER. Probably He will return from His trial — a man doomed to death.

ARPHAXAD. I am curious to know whether His Disciples will not also be sought after.

SOLDIERS. That were indeed a pretty piece of work, if we had to capture all!

PANTHER. It would not be worth the trouble. Once the Master is safely away, then will these Galileans take flight, and they will never again show themselves in Jerusalem.

ARPHAXAD. At all events, one of them shall receive severe punishment — he who in the Garden took a weapon and cut off the ear of Malchus.

SOLDIERS.* Yes, it should be as ordained: An ear for an ear, ha, ha, ha! [*Peter, restless, goes away from the fire.*

PANTHER. A good idea! But the application is of no value here. Malchus' ear is whole again.

AGAR (*to Peter*). I have been looking at you for some time. If I mistake not, you are one of the Disciples of the Man from Galilee. Yes, yes, you were with Jesus of Nazareth.

PETER. No, woman, I was not. I do not know Him, neither do I by any chance understand what you say. [*He draws back, and comes near Sara.*

SARA. Look, this one was also with Jesus of Nazareth.

SEVERAL. Perhaps you are one of His Disciples?

LEVI. Yes, you are one!

PETER. I am not, on my soul! I know naught of them. [*The cock crows.*

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* "Rotte" is used in the sense of a mixed crowd.

ABDIAS (*to the others in his circle*). Look at yonder man. Truly, he was also with Him!

PETER. I know not what you would with me. What does He mean to me?

SEVERAL. Yes, yes, you are one of them; indeed, you are a Galilean. Your speech betrays you.

PETER. God be my witness that I do not know the Man of whom you speak. [*The cock crows a second time.*

MELCHI. What! Did I not see you with Him in the Garden, when my cousin Malchus had his ear cut off?

SOLDIERS (*standing by the fire*). Ha! See! They bring in the Prisoner! [*Selpha enters with Christus.*

PANTHER (*to them as they advance*). How has it gone?

SELPHA. He is condemned to death.

SOLDIERS (*jeering*). Oh, poor King! [*Christus looks upon Peter sorrowfully.*

SELPHA. Forward, Comrades! Until the dawn of to-morrow we must keep watch over Him.

SOLDIER. Come, He shall help us pass the time away!

SIXTH SCENE

In the Proscenium. Peter and afterwards John

PETER. Alas, my Master! Oh, how far have I fallen! Oh, woe is me, a weak and wretched man! My dear Friend and Protector, I have denied you thrice! I do not understand how I could have so far forgotten myself! A curse upon my faithlessness! My best Master! Have you still grace for me? My heart will repent of this contemptible cowardice! Oh, Lord, if you feel mercy toward me — a perfidious one — then show it me now! This once, hear the voice of a contrite soul! Oh, my sin is done! I cannot undo it! But ever and ever more will I regret it and expiate it. Never again shall I leave you, O most kind! At least, you will not reject me; you will not scorn my bitter remorse! No, the kind, compassionate look which you cast upon your deeply fallen Disciple bids me hope: you will forgive me! Dearest Teacher, this comfort I have from you, and the whole love of my heart from this moment I dedicate to you. I shall fast, I shall cling to you — ah, naught shall ever again have the power to take me from you! [*Exits.*

JOHN (*coming from the other side*). Where can Peter have gone? In vain I searched for him in the crowd. Surely naught of ill could have befallen him. Perhaps I might yet meet him on the way. I will now go toward Bethany. But ah, dearest Mother, how will your heart feel, when I tell you of the terrible scenes — the Innocent wronged and by the miscreant condemned! What will your soul go through! Judas, Judas, what a frightful deed is thine! [*Exits.*

SEVENTH SCENE

Christus, surrounded by servants and guards, is seated on a stool.

LEVI. Is not this too poor a throne for you, great King?

PANTHER. Hail, new-born Ruler!

MELCHI. But sit steadier, otherwise you might fall off. [*Pressing Christus down.*

LEVI. Truly you are a Prophet, so they say. We would test your craft.

MELCHI (*striking Him in the face*). So tell us, great Elias, who has struck you?

ABDIAS (*striking Him*). Was it I?

MELCHI. Do you not hear? (*Shaking Christus.*) I almost believe you are asleep. He is deaf and dumb — a pretty Prophet! [*Strikes Him from the stool, so that He falls at full length.*

LEVI. Oh, woe, woe, our King has been upset from His throne!

ABDIAS. Oh, woe, woe, what is now to be done? We have no more King!

MELCHI. You are surely to be pitied — so great a Magician and now so powerless and weak!

PANTHER. What is now to be done with Him?

ALL. We will help Him again to His throne.

PANTHER (*lifting Christus*). Raise yourself, O mighty King, and receive anew our homage!

MESSENGER (*Dan, one of Caiaphas's men, entering*). Now, how goes it with the new King?

ALL. He neither speaks nor makes a sign. We can do nothing with Him.

DAN. The High Priest and Pilate will soon make Him speak. Caiaphas has sent me to fetch Him.

SELPHA. Up, comrades!

LEVI (*taking Christus by the ropes*). Stand up, you! You have been King long enough.

ALL. Away with you! Your kingdom has come to an end! [*All exit.*

END OF ACT

X. REPRESENTATION

The Despair of Judas

Prologue

Why wanders Judas in the tortures of despair?
  Alas, an evil conscience on him turns!
The blood-guilt in his soul he has to bear,
  While the awful flame of sin within him burns.

Weep, Judas, for the deed that thou hast done!
  Oh, let repentant tears blot out thy sin!
Implore for mercy from the Holy One!
  Salvation's door is open. Go thou in!

Alas, alas, in woe though deeply bowed,
  No ray of hope doth over Judas shine!
"Too great my sin," the sinner cries aloud,
  As Cain once cried, "too great this sin of mine!"

Impenitent and unconsoled like Cain,
  A mighty fear o'er hapless Judas falls;
The just reward of sin is racking pain,
  Toward such a fate we hasten when it calls!

SOLO. "Oh, woe to the man who betrays me,"
Cried the Lord, "to the traitor who slays me!
'T were better for him he had never been born
Than wander in terror and tremble 'neath scorn!"
Such words follow Judas in tortuous pain,
Pursuing his footsteps, beclouding his brain.

CHORUS. Vengeance falls on Judas' head,
He shall not go unpunishéd!
By frenzy torn, by conscience cowed,
By furies scourged, in madness bowed —
He wanders, and his peace is o'er;
He knows no rest forever more,
Until despair his being rends —
Until his worthless life he ends!

TABLEAU: *The brother-murderer, Cain, tortured with remorse, wanders a fugitive on the face of the earth. Genesis 4:10–17. Abel is the symbol of the dying Messiah. Abel, the upright, was hated by his brother, Cain, even as Christus was despised by His brothers, the Jews. Even as Cain became a fugitive, so the Jewish Nation shall be expelled from its kingdom, and dispersed over the whole earth.*

SOLO. 'T was thus that Cain, ah, whither sped!
To drown his thoughts, ah, whither fled!
You cannot from your conscience hide —
The shadow trembles at your side;
And though you hasten here and there,
The pains of Hell you have to bear!
The scourge will fall, the wound will bleed,
You cannot now escape the deed!
Ah, Judas!

CHORUS. Behold, this picture you shall see,
It will the sinner's mirror be!
Though vengeance cometh not to-day,
It yet will come, and so repay
In double-fold upon the morrow —
Full vengeance on the Man of Sorrow!

ACT X

The assembled High Council confirms the death sentence pronounced upon Christus. Judas appears in remorse before the Assembly, throws down the thirty pieces of silver, departs in anguish, and hangs himself.

FIRST SCENE

JUDAS (*alone*). My anxious foreboding has become a horrible certainty! Caiaphas has condemned the Master to death, and the Council has sanctioned his judgment. It is all over — no more hope of rescue! Had the Master wished to save Himself, He would have made them feel the force of His power a second time in the Garden of Gethsemane. As He did not do it then, He will not do it now. What am I able to do for Him, — I, the most wretched, who have delivered Him into their hands? They shall have the blood-money back — and in return they must set my Master free! I will go instantly and let them know my demand. Yet — will He be saved thereby? Oh, vain, empty hope! They will ridicule me, I know it! Accurséd Synagogue! You tempted me through your agents, you deceived me, and concealed from me your bloody purposes — until you had Him in your clutches! Unjust judges that you are, I will heap upon you my bitter reproaches. I will know naught of your devilish design. No part will I have in the blood of this innocent One! Oh, the anguish of Hell racks my innocent being! [*Exits.*

SECOND SCENE

The High Council

CAIAPHAS. Assembled Brethren, I thought we could not wait until morning to send the Enemy of the Synagogue to His death.

ANNAS. I also could find no moment's rest, so eager was I to hear the sentence of death pronounced.

ALL. It is decided. He must, He shall die!

CAIAPHAS. Last night I did not think it necessary to have all the members of the Sanhedrin come hither. There was the required number of judges to pass sentence in conformity with the regulation of the law. The Accused was unanimously declared worthy of death, for all present heard with their own ears how this Man slandered God in the most horrible manner, daring to set Himself up as the Son of God!

PRIESTS AND PHARISEES (*who were present at the former gathering*). Yes, we were witness to what was said. We indeed heard the blasphemy against God from His own mouth.

CAIAPHAS. Once more will I have the Criminal brought before you, that you yourselves may be convinced of His being worthy of death. Then the whole Council assembled may pass judgment upon Him!

JUDAS (*rushing in*). Is it true? Have you condemned my Master to death?

RABBI. Why come you, unbidden, into the Assembly? Get out! We will call you if we need you.

JUDAS. I must know. Have you sentenced Him?

ALL. He must die!

JUDAS. Woe, woe, I have sinned! I have betrayed the Righteous! Oh, and you, you bloodthirsty judges, you condemn and murder the Innocent!

ALL. Judas, peace! or —

JUDAS. No longer any peace for me! And none for you! The blood of the Innocent cries aloud for vengeance!

CAIAPHAS. What troubles your soul? Speak, but speak with reverence, for you stand before the High Council.

JUDAS. You would deliver this One up to death, Him who is guiltless of every fault? You dare not do it; I protest against it! You have made me a traitor. Your accurséd pieces of silver —

ANNAS. You yourself offered to do it, and concluded the bargain.

JOSAPHAT. Bethink you, Judas! You have obtained what you most desired. And if you bear yourself properly, you may still —

JUDAS. I will have no more of it! I cut loose from your infamous bargain! Give me back the Innocent!

ALL. Clear out, you mad one!

JUDAS. I demand the Innocent back! My hands shall be clear of blood.

RABBI. What, you infamous traitor! Will you forsooth dictate laws to the High Council? Know, your Master must die, and it is you who have delivered Him up to death!

ALL. He must die!

JUDAS (*with wild and frightened look*). Die? I am a traitor? He must die? I have delivered Him over to die? (*Breaking forth.*) Then may ten thousand devils from Hell rend me to pieces — crush me! Here, you bloodhounds, take back your accurséd blood-money! [*Throws down the bag of silver.*

CAIAPHAS. Why did you allow yourself to be made use of in a transaction which you had not beforehand well weighed?

ALL. That was your lookout!

JUDAS. Thus shall my soul be damned, my body rent asunder, and you —

ALL. Silence — and away from here!

JUDAS. You shall sink with me to the lowest Hell! [*Rushes out.*

FOURTH SCENE

CAIAPHAS (*after a pause*). A fearful man!

ANNAS. I suspected something of the kind.

ALL. It is his fault.

CAIAPHAS. He has betrayed his Friend, we have condemned our Enemy. I remain steadfast in my resolve, and if there be any one here who is of another opinion, let him come forward.

ALL. No! What has been determined on shall be carried out!

CAIAPHAS. What shall we do with this silver? As blood-money, we dare not lay it back in the sacred coffers.

ANNAS. If it is agreeable to the will of the High Council, it might be put to some useful end.

SARAS. True! A burial place for strangers is needed. With this a field might be purchased for such a purpose.

ALL. We agree with you!

CAIAPHAS. Is such a field to be had?

SARAS. A potter in the city has for sale a piece of ground at just this price. [*Pointing to the bag.*

CAIAPHAS. Then close the bargain. Now, let us delay no longer in passing final sentence on the Prisoner.

RABBI. I will immediately have Him brought in. [*Exits.*

ANNAS. I will now see whether the obstinacy which He showed toward me has not somewhat abated. A real satisfaction will it be for me to hear the death sentence: He dies!

FIFTH SCENE

Christus before the High Council

SELPHA (*leading Christus in*). Show better respect to the High Council than you did before! Venerable Fathers, here we bring the Prisoner, as we were ordered.

CAIAPHAS. Lead Him forward into our midst.

BALBUS. Step forth. [*Pushes the Prisoner.*

CAIAPHAS. Jesus of Nazareth, do you still hold to the words you spake before your judges during the night?

ANNAS. If you be the Anointed One, tell us so!

CHRISTUS. If I tell you, still will you not believe me, and if I ask you, you will neither give answer nor set me free. But henceforward the Son of Man shall sit on the right hand of Almighty God.

ALL. You are then the Son of God?

CHRISTUS. You say it, and so I am.

ANNAS. That is enough! Why do we need further witnesses?

PRIESTS AND PHARISEES (*who had attended the night session*). Now we have heard it again from His own mouth.

CAIAPHAS. Fathers of the People of Israel! It now rests with you to pronounce the final legal verdict as to the guilt and punishment of this man, ALL. He is guilty of blaspheming God! He deserves death!

CAIAPHAS. Therefore we will lead Him before the judgment seat of Pilate.

ALL. Yes, away with Him! Let Him die!

CAIAPHAS. But Pilate must be prepared beforehand, so that he may issue the verdict before the Feast.

RABBI. Should not some one from amongst us go before in order to sue for speedy audience?

CAIAPHAS. You yourself, Rabbi, together with Dariabas and Rabinth, — you go ahead, and we will immediately follow. (*The three exit.*) This day shall rescue the religion of our Fathers, and exalt the honour of the Synagogue so that the echo of our glory will be transmitted to later generations.

ALL. Men will speak of us for centuries to come!

CAIAPHAS. Now lead Him away! We follow!

ALL. Death to the Galilean! [*Exit.*

SIXTH SCENE

Proscenium

The three Ambassadors of the High Council before the House of Pilate

RABBI. Now we may breathe again more freely. We have been insulted quite enough!

DARIABAS. It is indeed high time for the Synagogue to put an end to it. His following was very large.

RABBI. Now there need be no further fear of Him or His followers. The Traders have, these past days, displayed the most commendable activity; they have won over a crowd of most resolute folk. You shall see: if it amounts to anything, these will set the tone for the others. The waverers will accord with them, while the followers of the Nazarene will find it to their advantage to be silent, yea, even to recant.

RABINTH. How shall we bring our suit before Pilate? We dare not enter the house of the Gentile to-day, else we shall become unclean for the Passover.

RABBI. We will send our petition through one of his people. I am known in the house; let me knock at the gate. (*Does so.*) Certainly some one is within. Yes, some one is coming.

QUINTUS (*opens*). Welcome, Rabbi! Just step in!

RABBI. We are not allowed to do so to-day because of our Law.

QUINTUS. Indeed? Can I, perchance, do the errand for you?

RABBI. We are sent hither by the High Priest to lay a petition before the noble representative of Cæsar, requesting that he receive the High Council, who will bring before him a criminal for the confirmation of the death sentence.

QUINTUS. I will immediately notify my Lord. In the mean time wait here. [*Exits.*

RABINTH. It is disgraceful that we must knock at the door of a Gentile in order to have the sentence of the holy Law ratified.

RABBI. Be of good courage! When once yonder

Enemy is removed from our path, then, who knows whether we may not also very soon free ourselves from this stranger?

RABINTH. Oh, may I yet live to see the day which will bring freedom to the Children of Israel!

QUINTUS (*returning*). The Governor greets you! Will you inform the High Priest that Pilate is ready to receive the petition of the Sanhedrin?

RABBI. Our thanks for your kindness! Now let us hasten to inform the High Priest of the outcome of our visit.

RABINTH. Will Pilate agree to the demand of the Sanhedrin?

RABBI. He must. How can he oppose it when the Sanhedrin and the people unanimously clamour for the death of this man?

DARIABAS. What does the life of one Galilean mean to the Governor? Were it only to please the High Priest, who is worth much to him, he would not hesitate to approve of the execution. [*The three exit.*

SEVENTH SCENE

The End of Judas. Woodland

JUDAS. Where shall I go to hide my shame, to escape the torture of my conscience? No dark forest is deep enough quite, no cavern black enough. O Earth, open up and devour me! I can no longer exist. Alas, my Master, the best of all men, — I have sold you, given you up to every abuse, to the martyr's painful death! I, the abominable traitor! Oh, where exists a man on whom such blood-guilt rests! Alas, nevermore shall I be able to appear before the Disciples as a brother! An outcast, everywhere hated, everywhere abominated; even by those who led me astray, branded as a traitor, alone I wander here and there, with this burning fire in my soul. Ah, could I but once more gaze upon His countenance — I would cling fast to Him, the only anchor! But He lies in prison, and is perhaps already slain through the madness of His enemy. Alas, by my fault, my fault! I — I am the infamous being who sent Him to prison and have brought Him to death! Woe is me — the outcast! For me there is no hope, no more deliverance. My crime is too great; through no atonement can it be expiated. He is dead! and I — I am His murderer! Unhappy hour when my mother brought me into the world! Must I drag on for much longer this martyr's life, and bear these torments — fleeing from men as one who is tainted — shunned and despised by all the world? No, never will I suffer this! Not a step further shall I go! Here, accursèd life, will I put an end to thee. On this branch let hang the accursèd fruit! (*Tearing off his belt.*) Ha, come, thou serpent, grip me, strangle the traitor! [*Makes all preparations to hang himself, as the curtain falls.*

END OF ACT

XI. REPRESENTATION

Christus before Pilate

Prologue

"Death to the foe of Moses!" The cry is heard,
Echoed by many voices. "Death" is the word!

For the blood of the guiltless they thirst,
With a wild desire accurst!

Impatiently for the sentence they cry:
" Pilate, heed us, for He must die, must die! "
Before the judge their grievances they bring
In eloquence; accusation on accusation fling!

A thousand-voicéd sound 'gainst Daniel rose,
" Great Baal hath he destroyed — a thousand woes!
Away with him, unto the lions' den!
Let him be food for beasts — accurst of men! "

Ah, when deceit hath entered in the heart,
Man of himself destroys the better part.
Injustice lurks a virtue in his eyes,
While sin disports as truth in dark disguise!

CHORAGUS (*Recit.*). " God hath He blasphemed in blindness,
So no other witness need we!
Condemned He is by holy Law,
His crucifixion speed we! "
The priest-band thus His death demanded,
And then away to Pilate came they.
What accusations do they utter?
Hark, what legal judgment claim they?

TABLEAU: *The Governor of the Province impeaches Daniel before King Darius, and urges that he be thrown into the lions' den. Dan. 6 : 4, 13. Even as Daniel was accused without foundation, so in the same way the High Priest brought forward before Pilate the most preposterous accusations against Jesus and demanded His death on the cross.*

CHORUS. Behold this picture, every one.
Falsely accused was God's own Son,
As Daniel once in Babylon.
"Let us, O King, our grievance tell!
The foe of God is Daniel —
He hath destroyed the mighty Bel;
The priests and dragon slain as well!"
"O King, before thy person stand they —
All Babylon enraged; demand they
That if from ruin yourself would save,
Then haste this Man unto the grave.
For God whom He by deed defiled,
Through death alone is reconciled."

SOLO. The holy Council passionately cry,
As to the throne of Pilate they draw nigh;
The blood of Jesus vehemently demand.
What blinds them that they take this awful stand?
What is it that their arguments presage,
So dark their passion and so wild their rage?

CHORUS. Envy which no pity knows!
Fire of Hell that inward glows,
Hath a brand in fury burned,
Goodness into evil turned!
Naught is holy in its sight,
Right is wrong, and wrong is right!
Woe to those whom Envy trips!
Woe to those whom Envy grips!

Guard the way unto your soul —
Let not Envy's strength control!
For 't is Satan's joy in part,
To set evil in the heart!

ACT XI

Christus is led before Pilate and is accused by the Priests. Pilate declares Him innocent, but allows Him to be led before Herod.

FIRST SCENE

Before the House of Pilate. To the left, the High Council, the Traders, and Witnesses; to the right, the Guards with Jesus

ABDIAS (*to Christus*). Ha! Know you where you are going?

CROWD. Away with you to death, false Prophet! Ha! Are you afraid, that you do not go forward?

LEVI. Soon you will have your merited reward.

SELPHA. Push Him on!

MELCHI (*striking Him*). Go on! The way is not much more. Shall we have to carry you?

LEVI. This is your last journey.

CROWD. Only on to Calvary. There you may rest comfortably on the cross.

CAIAPHAS (*at the Palace of Pilate*). Be quiet. We must announce ourselves. [*Rabbi advances to the gate and knocks.*

QUINTUS (*comes out*). What does this crowd want here?

RABBI. The High Council has come.

QUINTUS. I will immediately announce you. [*Exits.*

RABBI (*to the Council members*). Do you hear! He will not delay announcing our presence.

CAIAPHAS. Members of the High Council! If you have at heart your holy tradition, your honour, the peace of the whole land, then ponder well this moment. It holds us and this Deceiver in the balance. If you are men in whose veins flows any of the blood of your Fathers, then stand firm in your resolve! An immortal monument will be raised to your memory.

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL. Long live our Fathers! Death to the Enemy of the people!

CAIAPHAS. Do not rest until He has been removed from the quick — until He is on the cross!

ALL. We will not rest! We demand His death, His blood!

CROWD. Do you hear that — you King — you Prophet?

SECOND SCENE

Pilate appears on his balcony with attendants.

CAIAPHAS (*bowing*). Viceroy of the great Emperor at Rome!

ALL. Happiness to you — blessing on you.

CAIAPHAS. We have a man, whose name is Jesus, and whom we have brought hither to your judgment-seat, that you may ratify the death sentence pronounced upon Him by the High Council.

PILATE. Lead Him forth! What accusations have you against this Man?

CAIAPHAS. Were He not a great evil-doer, then would we not have handed Him over to you; rather would we have punished Him ourselves according to the regulations of our Law.

PILATE. Now, of what evil deed has He been guilty?

CAIAPHAS. In various ways He has grievously violated the sacred Laws of the people.

PILATE. Then take Him away and judge Him according to those Laws!

ANNAS. He has already been judged by the holy Sanhedrin, and has been declared worthy of death.

PRIESTS. For, according to our Law, He has deserved death.

CAIAPHAS. But we are not allowed to execute the death sentence on any one. Therefore we come to the Governor of the Emperor with the request that the sentence be sanctioned.

PILATE. How can I condemn a man to death without knowing his offence and before I have been convinced that his crime is deserving of death? What has He done?

RABBI. The sentence of the High Council against this Man was unanimously given, and was based upon a close examination of His crimes. For that reason it does not seem necessary for the Governor to take upon himself the annoyance of another examination.

PILATE. What, you dare to suggest to me — the representative of the Emperor — that I become a blind instrument for the working of your decree! Far be it from me! I must know what law He has broken, and in what way He has overstepped it.

CAIAPHAS. We have a law; and according to it He must die. For He has represented Himself as the Son of God.

ALL. We have every one of us heard the blasphemy from His own mouth.

ANNAS. Therefore we must insist that He suffer the awful punishment of death.

PILATE. On account of such speech, which at best is only the fruit of a fanciful imagination, a Roman can find no one guilty of death. Who knows whether this Man may not be the Son of God? If you have no other crime to lay to His charge, then do not think that I will perform your desire.

CAIAPHAS. This Man has been guilty of dreadful offence, not only against our Law, but also against the Emperor himself. We have found Him to be an agitator of the people.

ALL. He is a misleader, an insurgent!

PILATE. I have indeed heard of one Jesus, who goes hither and thither through the land, teaching and performing extraordinary deeds. But never have I heard aught of any riot provoked by Him. If anything had occurred of such a nature, I should assuredly have learned of it before you, — I who am the justice of peace in the land and who am apprised of every movement, every deed of the Jews. Yet tell me, when and where has He stirred up a disturbance?

NATHANAEL. He assembled around Him hosts by the thousands, and not so very long ago He gathered together just such a crowd to make a solemn entrance into Jerusalem.

PILATE. I know it, but nothing of a seditious nature occurred.

CAIAPHAS. Is it not treachery when He forbids the people to pay tribute to the Emperor?

PILATE. What proof have you?

CAIAPHAS. Sufficient evidence, indeed, for He proclaims Himself the Messiah, the King of Israel. Is not that a challenge threatening the downfall of the Emperor?

PILATE. I admire your suddenly awakened zeal for the authority of the Emperor! (*To Christus.*) Do you hear what severe accusations these people bring against you? What have you to say? [*Christus remains silent.*

CAIAPHAS. See, He cannot deny it. His silence is a confession of His guilt.

ALL (*in an uproar*). Now, condemn Him!

PILATE. Patience! There is time enough! I will examine Him alone. (*To his attendants.*) Perhaps, when He is no longer overawed by the crowd and by the anger of His accusers, He will speak and give me answer. Lead Him here. (*To the servants.*) Go, my guards will take charge of Him. (*To the members of the Council.*) And you — once more reflect well the foundation or the falsity of your grievances, and decide carefully whether these grievances are not born of an ignoble source. Then let me learn your intention. [*He turns from them.*

JOSUE. Everything has already been thought over and proven. The Law deems Him worthy of death!

RABBI (*to the others*). This is an unfortunate delay!

CAIAPHAS. Do not lose courage! Victory belongs to the resolute! [*Exits.*

THIRD SCENE

Pilate and his attendants. Christus is brought on to the balcony.

PILATE (*to Christus*). You have heard the accusations of the Council lodged against you. Give me answer as to them! You have, so they say, named yourself the Son of God. Whence are you? (*Christus is silent.*) Do you not even speak to me? Do you not know that I have the power to crucify you as well as to set you free?

CHRISTUS. You could have no power over me, if it were not given you from on high. Hence he who has delivered me unto you has done a greater sin.

PILATE (*aside*). A candid word! Are you the King of the Jews?

CHRISTUS. Say you thus to me of your own accord, or because of what others have said to you of me?

PILATE. Am I a Jew? Your people and your priests have handed you over to me. They have accused you of wishing to be the King of Israel. What causes them to do so?

CHRISTUS. My kingdom is not of this world. For if my kingdom were of this world, then truly would my subjects have fought for me, that I might not have fallen into the hands of the Jews. But my kingdom is not here.

PILATE. Then you are a king?

CHRISTUS. You say so. I am a king and I came for that purpose into the world, that I might be evidence of the truth. Whoso lives in truth always, he shall hear my voice.

PILATE. What is truth?

FOURTH SCENE

Quintus, the servant of Pilate, enters quickly.

QUINTUS (*excitedly*). My Lord, your servant Claudius is here. He has urgent news to impart to you from your wife.

PILATE. Let him come! Lead him hither at once! (*To Claudius, who enters, after Christus is led away.*) What news have you from my beloved wife?

CLAUDIUS. My Lord, your wife greets you, and begs you earnestly, for her sake as well as for your own, have naught to do against the just and innocent Man who before your judgment-seat has been accused.

On His account, in the past night, she has suffered the anguish and fear of a terrible dream.

PILATE. Go back to her, and tell her that she may rest without uncertainty. I personally will have naught to do with the machinations of the Jews, but instead shall exert every means to save Him. [*Claudius exits.*

FIFTH SCENE

PILATE (*to his companions*). I would that I had nothing to do with this business. What do you think, my friends, of these accusations of the Jewish priests?

MELA. It seems to me that envy and jealousy alone have driven them to do this. The consuming hate tells in their words, and in the very expressions of their faces.

SYLVIUS. The hypocrites act as though the authority of the Emperor lay close to their hearts, whereas it is only because they believe their own authority is endangered by this Teacher among the people.

PILATE. I believe you. I cannot imagine that this Man has any criminal plans in mind. He possesses so many lofty qualities — in His features, in His bearing, and His speech is such evidence of His lofty frankness and high talents that, to me, He seems much more a wise Man. Perhaps too wise indeed for these evil men to tolerate the light of wisdom! And the ominous dream of my wife on His account! — If He were really of divine origin? — No, I will positively refuse to meet the demands of the priesthood! (*To his servants.*) Let the High Priest come hither again; and lead forth the Accused once more from the Judgment Hall. [*Servants exit.*

SIXTH SCENE

The former. Members of the High Council beneath the Balcony

PILATE. Here again you have your Prisoner. He is without blame!

ANNAS. We have the Emperor's word that our Law shall be upheld. How is He guiltless who rides roughshod over this very Law?

ALL. He is worthy of death!

CAIAPHAS. Is He not also punishable by the Emperor, when He wantonly violates that which through the will of the Emperor has been granted us?

PILATE. I have already told you: If He has transgressed your Law, then punish Him according to that Law, as far as you are empowered to do so. I cannot pronounce the death sentence over Him, because I find nothing in Him which, according to the law by which I am to judge, is deserving of death.

CAIAPHAS. If any one proclaims himself a king in the provinces of the Emperor, is he not a rebel? Does he not merit the punishment of a rebel — the sentence of death?

PILATE. If this Man has called Himself a king, even then can I not through such ambiguous claims bring myself to condemn Him. It is generally taught among us in Rome that every wise man is a king. But you have not brought forward any evidence, furthermore, which points to His having claimed sovereign power for Himself.

NATHANAEL. Is there not sufficient evidence in the facts that through Him the people have been thrown into turbulence, and that He has carried His teaching through all Judæa — from Galilee, where He first drew to Him His disciples, even here to Jerusalem?

PILATE. Is He from Galilee?

ALL. Yes, He is a Galilean.

RABBI. His home is in Nazareth, in the province of King Herod.

PILATE. Ah, if that be so, then am I relieved of judging Him. Herod, the King of Galilee, has come hither for the Feast: he may now render judgment on his subject! Take Him away, and fetch Him before His King. My own bodyguard shall lead Him thither. [*Exits, with his attendants.*

CAIAPHAS. Away, then, to Herod! Through him, who himself holds the belief of our Fathers, shall we find better protection for our holy Law!

ANNAS. And if a thousand hindrances presented themselves, still must the punishment be measured out to the Offender!

ALL (*to Christus*). An hour sooner or later, still must you come to the end, and at that, this very day! [*All exit.*

END OF ACT

XII. REPRESENTATION

Christus before Herod

Prologue

New anguish falls upon the One we love;
To Herod brought, to that vain worldly prince,
His miracles and second-sight He will not show.

The wisest oft by fools are badly treated!
In garments white, exhibited to view,
This One is sneered at by King Herod's men.

In such wise Samson stood — the youthful hero,
Bereft of sight, and fettered and despised, —
Because of weakness scorned by Philistines!

But He who now seems weak, will yet be strong!
And He who humble stands, will yet be King!
And He who now is scorned, will yet be loved!

CHORUS. In vain the High Priests show consuming hate,
Demanding judgment from the heathen's throne;
Yet Herod sits unmoved by all their threats!

SOLO. Ah, see them drag the Christ to Herod's throne!
The Saviour seems to them a heedless jest!
Alas, His anguish is most terrible!

TABLEAU: *Samson, imprisoned and ridiculed by the Philistines, rends asunder the pillars to which he is chained. The Philistine princes are entertained by Samson. Judges 16 : 25. This picture symbolises the insults and ridicule heaped on Christus by Herod.*

CHORUS. Yonder is Samson, see how strong his hand,
Yet chains of slavery is he forced to wear!
This hero — Samson — once a thousand slew,
But suffers now the stigma of a slave.

Once dreaded by his enemies, he serves
As target, now, for all their bitter scorn!
The Philistines upon him turn their ire,
Make merry of his weakness and his pain!

'T is thus that Jesus stands, the Son of God!
To haughty foes a pleasing sight He seems,
With insults heaped, and clad in garments white,
Derided and weighed down and sore abused!

ACT XII

Herod treats Christus with ridicule and disdain, sending Him back to Pilate.

FIRST SCENE

Hall of Herod. Herod, Naasson, Manasses, Courtiers; Zabulon, Servant

HEROD. What? Is it the famous Man from Nazareth whom they bring here a prisoner to me?

ZABULON. Certainly, my Lord! I have seen Him, and on the instant recognised Him.

HEROD. For a long time I have wished to see this Man, about whose acts the whole land speaks so loudly, to whom the people, as if won by magic stroke, flock in thousands. (*Seats himself.*) Could He not very easily be John raised from the dead?

NAASSON. Oh, no! John performed no miracles. But of this One they relate deeds truly wonderful, if the tales be not magnified.

HEROD. Since I have so unexpectedly come to see Him, I am most eager to test His magic art.

MANASSES. He will be very willing to satisfy you therein, in order to gain your favour and protection.

HEROD (*to Zabulon*). Tell the priests that they may come in with the Prisoner. [*Zabulon exits.*

MANASSES. They will likely come with complaints against this Man, since they have been deserted by the people.

HEROD. They must lodge such before Pilate: here I have naught to do, naught to judge.

MANASSES. Perhaps they have been refused by the Governor, and now seek another outlet.

HEROD. I will not meddle in their quarrels; I will only see Him and test His miraculous powers.

SECOND SCENE

The foregoing. Caiaphas, Annas, Rabbis. The four Priests. Christus, led by the Soldiers of Herod

CAIAPHAS. O most mighty King!

THE PRIESTS. Peace and blessings to thee from on high!

CAIAPHAS. We have brought you here a prisoner from the Council — a criminal, that you may inflict upon Him the penalty of the Law.

NATHANAEL. The Law demands His death.

ANNAS. May it please the King to countenance the sentence of the Synagogue.

HEROD. How can I be judge in a foreign land? Take Him before your Governor; he will render you justice.

CAIAPHAS. Pilate sent Him hither, because, being a Galilean, He is your subject.

HEROD. Is this Man from my district? Who is He?

PRIESTS. He is Jesus of Nazareth.

CAIAPHAS. Hence, Pilate said: Go to King Herod; let him pronounce sentence upon his own subject.

HEROD. And did Pilate speak thus? Wonderful! (*To his courtiers.*) Pilate sends this Man to me? Grants me judicial power in his own territory?

NAASSON. It would seem that he wishes to draw nigh unto you again.

HEROD. This shall be evidence of his renewed friendship! (*To Christus.*) Much, very much have I heard of you through report, and for some while have I wished to see a man over whom the entire land seems astounded.

RABBI. He is a deceiver, an enemy to the holy Law!

HEROD. I have heard that you can solve the mystery of man, and perform deeds exceeding the bounds of nature. Give us proof; let us have evidence of your knowledge, of your high art! We will then believe in you with the people, and likewise we will honour you.

SADOK. O King! Do not allow yourself to be led astray. He is in league with Beelzebub.

HEROD. That is all one to me. Hear you: I had a wonderful dream last night. Can you tell me what it was I dreamed? If so, I will exalt you as a profound interpreter of hearts. (*Christus remains silent.*) You are not able to go so far? Well, then, perhaps you will explain the dream if I tell it you. I dreamt: I stood on the battlements of my palace at Herodium, and saw the sun go down. Suddenly before me stood a man who stretched out his hand and, pointing to the evening glow, said: "Behold! yonder in Hesperia is Thy bedroom!" Scarcely had the words been spoken, when his form melted away in the mist. I was startled and awoke. If you are inspired as Josephed when he stood before the King of the Egyptians, explain this dream now to your King. (*Christus remains silent, with sad gaze upon Herod.*) Are you not skilled in this special branch, either? Well, then, show us some evidence of your famous magic. Make sudden darkness fall upon this room! — or raise yourself, and go from us without touching the floor! — or change the scroll on which your death sentence is written into a serpent! You will not? Or is it that you cannot? It should be an easy task for you. Much greater marvels do they tell of you! (*To the courtiers.*) He is silent; He does not move! Ah, I see! The reports which have made Him so very famous are naught but empty people's tittle-tattle. He knows nothing and can do nothing!

NAASSON. It is easy to dazzle the eyes of stupid people sometimes. But it is otherwise — a far different thing — to stand before a wise and powerful king.

MANASSES. If it is really true that there is something in you, why in this instance keep your learning silent? Why does your power disappear before the eyes of your King, like a bubble?

HEROD. There is nothing in Him. He is a conceited Man whose head has been turned by the applause of the multitude. (*To the Priests.*) Let Him go! He is not worthy the trouble you take!

CAIAPHAS. O King! trust not this crafty man. He pretends to be a fool so as to gain, under such pretence, a milder sentence from you.

ANNAS. If He is not put out of the way, then even the person of the King himself is in danger; for He has dared to proclaim Himself as King!

HEROD. This one? A king? A king of fools, indeed! That is more credible, and as such He deserves to be acknowledged. Therefore I will give Him the gift of a king's mantle and set Him up formally as the King of all fools. [*Signs to his servants.*

PRIESTS. Not that — for He deserves death!

CAIAPHAS. Our King! Upholder of our holy Law! Remember your duty to punish the transgressor as the Law ordains.

HEROD. What have you really against Him?

RABBI. He has violated the Sabbath of the Lord.

NATHANAEL. He is a blasphemer of God.

PRIESTS. As such, the Law proclaims Him deserving of death!

EZEKIEL. He has furthermore spoken scornfully of the Temple which your Father so magnificently restored to us: He declared, forsooth, that on that very ground He would build another Temple more beautiful still, and all in three days!

HEROD (*laughing*). Now, that assuredly proves Him to be king of all fools!

JOSUE. Of you, also, has He spoken insultingly. Oh, insolent words! He has dared to call you — you, His Lord and King — a fox!

HEROD. Then, in faith, He has attributed to me a quality which He Himself lacks utterly. (*Servants enter with a mantle.*) Clothe Him! Bedecked in this strikingly beautiful king's robe, He will play His rôle well before the people.

ZABULON (*after having clad Christus*). Now, for the first time you will make a mighty sensation, you great Miracle-worker!

PRIESTS. Death! Death! He shall die!

MANASSES. Many a fool in the land would account himself in honour to be such a king!

FIRST SOLDIER. Come, now, you Wonder-king, let us escort you!

SECOND SOLDIER. What luck for me to walk by the side of such a great Lord! [*They lead Christus away.*

THIRD SCENE

The foregoing, without Christus and the Soldiers

CAIAPHAS. You are now yourself convinced, O King, that His alleged great deeds are only falsehood and deceit whereby He has duped and misled the people. Render, therefore, the verdict!

PRIESTS. Pronounce the sentence of death upon Him, as the Law requires!

HEROD. My decision is: He is a simple-minded Man and is not capable of the misdeeds of which you accuse Him. If He has done aught or spoken anything illegal, then it must be attributed to His simplicity.

CAIAPHAS. O King! take care that you do not deceive yourself!

ANNAS. I fear that you will yet repent of it if you now let Him go unpunished.

HEROD. I fear naught! One must deal with a fool as a fool; He has already suffered for His follies and will avoid them in the future. Consequently the trial is at an end.

RABBI. Alas! then is it all over with our Law and religion, with Moses and the Prophets!

HEROD. I hold to my decision. I am tired and will no longer vex myself with this affair! Pilate may yet decide according to his official duty. Back to him! Present him with greetings and friendship from King Herod! [*The Priests exit.*

FOURTH SCENE

Herod, Naasson, Manasses

HEROD (*stepping down from his seat*). This time the result has not come up to our expectations. I promised myself the great enjoyment of every conceivable miracle and of eloquent speech, but we saw only an ordinary man before us, and heard no sound from His lips.

MANASSES. How false rumour colours that which on near approach appears to be nothing!

HEROD. Friends! That is not John! John at least spoke, and spoke with vigour and in wisdom — all of which one must esteem. But yonder Man is as dumb as a fish!

NAASSON. I only wonder that the Priests persecute Him to death.

HEROD. Since I have seen Him here myself, I think there is so much less reason for them to get rid of Him. Besides, Pilate would not have sent Him here to me if He had been found guilty of any great crime. It were folly indeed to revenge oneself on such a Man. We have, nevertheless, my friends, sacrificed quite enough time to this troublesome affair. Let us go and make up for lost moments with a more agreeable pursuit. [*They exit.*

END OF ACT

XIII. REPRESENTATION

The Scourging and the Crown of Thorns

Prologue

Ah, what a sight to place before their eyes —
The followers of Christ are bowed in woe!
The body of the Lord with wounds is marked,
Where countless scourge-strokes cut into His soul!

His head is circled with a crown of thorns,
The sharp spikes drawing drops of sweat and blood!
His face scarce recognised, so great the pain!
Ah, who would not some tears of pity shed!

When Jacob once beheld his loved-one's coat
With blood bespattered, how he trembled then!
How wept he, crying in his sudden grief,
Heart-rending lamentations and deep woe!

Thus let us weep when we behold our Friend —
Our Friend who in such agony is found!
Our sins upon Him have been visited,
And for our sins they wound His loving heart.

SOLO. As yet they have not ceased their brutal rage;
Their thirst for vengeance is not satisfied!
Their thoughts are bent on murder, while they brood —
This reckless band which Satan's grasp confines!

CHORUS. Can nothing seem to soften these hard hearts,
Not even when they see His body torn —
His body seared with wounds innumerable?
Is there no hope to waken them to love?

TABLEAU: *Joseph's coat besprinkled with blood. Gen. 37: 31, 32. The body of Christus is cruelly lacerated by scourge strokes. Isaac symbolises the sorrowful and dying Messiah. Isaac, the child of promise, the only son of Abraham, himself carries the wood over which he shall be sacrificed on Mount Moriah. Jesus, likewise a child of promise and the only Son of God, drags the cross to Calvary, in accordance with the old tradition, even a part of the self-same lofty march. A ram, sacrificed in Isaac's stead, typifies that Christ shall shed blood when the crown of thorns is put upon Him.*

Oh, what a scene! what shuddering scene is this!
Behold, the coat of Joseph stained with blood,
While Jacob's cheeks turn pale and in his eyes
Hot tears of deepest sorrow slowly well!

SOLO. "Where is my Joseph — my one joy in life,
On whom depended an old father's hope?
Ah, woe! the blood of Joseph stains his coat!
Alas, the blood of Joseph, my dear son!

"A wild beast hath his body rent asunder!
My Joseph, after thee I soon shall follow,
For naught on earth shall comfort me in sorrow!"
So Jacob mourned, and so did he complain,
And nevermore did he his son behold!

CHORUS. 'T is even thus as happened long ago,
The flesh of Jesus shall be torn in rage;
Thus will His precious blood, in anguish spilled,
In streams flow down from every gaping wound!

TABLEAU: *The ram intended for the Sacrifice is entangled in the thorn-bush. Gen. 22: 13.*

CHORAGUS (*Recit.*). Ah, stay thy father's hand
and kill him not,
Abraham, Abraham!
In thy great faith, thy son was given up!
Thus spake Jehovah: "Abraham,
Thy only son whom thou wouldst sacrifice,
Shall, for the Nation's weal, live on with thee!"

SOLO. A ram entangled in a thicket stood,
Which Isaac's father quickly sacrificed,
Since thus Jehovah chose for him to do!

TENOR. A mystery this picture represents,
'T is veiled in sacred shadow, yet behold!
Thorn-crowned stands Jesus, ready with His life,
To make, according to the Father's will,
A sacrifice in payment for our sins!

CHORUS. Oh, where may one encounter any love
Which ever to this love will equal be!

ACT XIII

Christus is led once more before Pilate, who offers the choice between Him and Barabbas, and allows Jesus to be scourged.

FIRST SCENE

Caiaphas, Annas, of the High Council. Traders and Witnesses appear with Christus again led before Pilate's place, flanked on each side by soldiers.

CAIAPHAS. Now then, Pilate must be pressed importunately, and if he does not judge according to our will, then we must threaten him with impeachment before the Emperor.

ANNAS. Shall I still in my old age see the Synagogue overthrown? Alas, no! With faltering tongue I shall call down blood and death upon the criminal, and not until I see this scoundrel die upon the cross will I descend into the grave of my Fathers.

RABBI. Rather would we ourselves be burned beneath the ruins of the Temple than swerve from our resolve.

PHARISEES. We shall not give up until He is dead.

CAIAPHAS. Whoever does not hold to this resolve, let him be cast out from the Synagogue!

ANNAS. The curse of the Fathers fall upon him!

CAIAPHAS. Time presses. The day advances. Now, now, must we set all plans in motion, so that before the Feast our will shall be done.

SECOND SCENE

Pilate appears on the balcony with his attendants.

CAIAPHAS. Once more we bring before your judgment-seat this Prisoner, and now we demand His death in all earnestness.

THE PRIESTS AND PHARISEES. We insist upon it! He shall die!

PILATE. You bring me this Man as an inciter of the people, and behold, I have heard your complaints, I have myself examined Him, and have found nothing about Him wherefor you could accuse Him.

CAIAPHAS. We remain firm in our charges. He is a criminal deserving death.

PRIESTS. A criminal against our Law and against the Emperor.

PILATE. I sent Him to Herod, because He was a Galilean. Have you there registered your complaints?

CAIAPHAS. Yes, but Herod would not judge Him because you have to command — you are in authority!

PILATE. He also has found nothing in Him which deserves death. However, I will now, in order to meet your wishes, have this Man punished with scourge strokes, but afterwards I shall set Him free.

ANNAS. That will not do.

CAIAPHAS. The law prescribes for such a criminal, not punishment by the scourge, but the punishment of death.

PRIESTS. To death with Him!

PILATE. Is your hatred of this Man so deep, so bitter, that it cannot be appeased with blood from His wounds? You force me to say frankly to you what I think: Driven by ignoble rage, you pursue Him, because the people are more attached to Him than to you! I have heard enough of your despicable complaints. I will now hearken to the voice of the people! Shortly a tremendous crowd will assemble here, according to an ancient custom, to beg the release of one prisoner at the Feast of the Passover. Then I shall see whether your spleen is the reflection of popular sentiment or only your own personal vengeance!

CAIAPHAS (*bowing*). Events will show, O Governor, that you have unjustly thought evil of us.

JOSUE. Truly, it is not thirst for vengeance, but holy zeal for God's Law — the Law of our Fathers — which incites us to seek His death.

PILATE. You know of the murderer, Barabbas, who lies in chains, and of his infamous deeds. Between him and Jesus of Nazareth I will let the people have choice. Whichever one they choose, to that one will I give freedom.

ALL. Then release Barabbas, and to the cross with the other!

PILATE. You are not the people! The people themselves must pass sentence. Meanwhile I will have this Man scourged. (*To the servants.*) The soldiers shall lead Him forth, and, according to the Roman law, shall scourge Him. (*To his associates.*) Whatever He may have done in any way will thus be sufficiently compensated for, and perhaps the sight of the scourging may soften the blind wrath of His enemies. [*Exits with attendants.*

THIRD SCENE

The Priesthood, etc., under the Empty Balcony

CAIAPHAS. Pilate calls upon the voice of the people. Well, we also appeal to them. (*To the Traders and Witnesses.*) Now, good Israelites, your time has come! Go hence into the streets of Jerusalem! Summon your friends, our loyal folk, to come hither; gather them together in compact crowds. Kindle their hearts with glowing hate against the Enemy of Moses. The waverers you must strive to win by means of promises and through the strength of your words. Intimidate the followers of the Galilean by a concerted attack upon them, through ridicule, threats, and, if it must be, by means of violence. Act in such manner that none of them will dare show himself here, much less open his mouth!

TRADERS AND WITNESSES. Indeed, we will hasten and soon return!

DATHAN. Each of us at the head of an enthusiastic crowd!

CAIAPHAS. We will assemble in the street of the Sanhedrin. [*The Traders and Witnesses exit. The Priests call after them: "Hail, faithful followers of Moses!"*

CAIAPHAS. Now let us no longer defer! Let us reach the multitude, exhort them, inflame them!

ANNAS. From every street in Jerusalem we will lead them before the Court!

RABBI. If Pilate would hear the voice of the people, he shall hear it!

CAIAPHAS. He shall hear it — the united cry of a Nation: "Release Barabbas, to the cross with the Galilean!"

ALL. Release Barabbas! To the cross with the Galilean! [*Exit.*

FOURTH SCENE

Christus is undressed, His hands tied to a short post, and around Him the soldiers.

CASPIUS. Now He has had enough! He is quite dripping with blood!

DOMITIUS. You pitiable King of the Jews! Ha, ha, ha!

SABINUS. But what kind of a king is this? He holds no sceptre in His hand, He wears no crown upon His head!

DOMITIUS. What is not, may yet be easily remedied.

CASPIUS. Hold, I will fetch immediately the insignia of a king. [*Exits.*

MILO. You will now in truth be a king!

SABINUS. Patience, my Lord; just a little while and you shall be a king.

CASPIUS (*returning with a scarlet mantle, a crown of thorns, and a reed*). Here! This is assuredly a most appropriate attire for a King of the Jews! Is it not true that you have expected such an hour as this? Come, let us hang this royal robe upon you.

SABINUS. But sit down. A king should not stand!

MILO. And here a royal, spiked crown! (*Forces it upon His head.*) King of the Jews, let us see you! [*General laughter.*

DOMITIUS. But that it may not fall from your head, we must set the crown firmly. Lay hold, Brothers, help me! [*Four soldiers seize the ends of two rods, and press therewith upon the crown. Christus quivers in pain.*

SABINUS. And here is the sceptre! Now you need nothing more!

CASPIUS. What a king! (*Kneeling before Him.*) Hail to Thee, most mighty King of the Jews, — ha, ha, ha!

QUINTUS (*the servant of Pilate, entering*). The Prisoner must be brought immediately to the Court!

SABINUS. You arrive inopportunely. You interrupt our homage.

CASPIUS. But we shall come on the instant. [*Quintus exits.*

MILO. Stand up! We will lead you around as a spectacle.

SABINUS. There will be jubilation among the Jews when their King appears before them in such splendour.

CASPIUS. Take Him; we cannot delay! [*They exit with Christus.*

END OF ACT

XIV. REPRESENTATION

Jesus condemned to Death on the Cross

Prologue

Behold the abject figure of the Lord!
Pilate himself, with pity touched, protests!
Have you no mercy, you deluded folk?

No, for in madness they still cry,
"The cross for Him — to torture and to death!"
And then they shout: "Barabbas must be free!"

How differently in Egypt Joseph stood,
While songs of exultation people raised —
As Saviour of the land was he proclaimed!

But round the Saviour of the world there beats
The fury of a blinded Nation's rage,
Which stays not till the Judge bids crucify.

Ah, see the King, behold how He is scorned!
Behold Him crowned, alas, with such a crown,
And such a sceptre held within His hand!
Upon His shoulders they have purple hung,
In tattered folds to please the hangman's mood!
Is such a festive robe designed for kings?
Ah, what a Man!
Where lurks divinity in such a garb?
Ah, what a Man!
Divinity is made a plaything of the hour!

TABLEAU: *1. Joseph is presented to the people as ruler. Gen. 41:41. As Joseph was set free from prison and was raised to the throne of the Egyptians as the Saviour of the Land, so Jesus rose from the grave and established Himself as the world's Saviour. The tableau symbolises the manner in which the Jews preferred the murderer, Barabbas, to Christus.*

CHORUS. "Behold what a Man!"
'T was in compassion thus that Pilate cried.
Behold, what a Man!
A shout of joy was that which Joseph heard!

Through Egypt shall the tidings now go forth,
"Long life to Joseph, honour be to him!"
A thousand-fold shall it be made to sound!
Father, Protector, and Defender is he!
Let all unite in happy exultation!
Father of Egypt — thus was Joseph hailed!

SOLO. The eyes of Egypt rest upon thee!
As Saviour Egypt long shall praise thee!
On thee they now will all their trust bestow,
To thee they will their homage render —
Through Egypt shall it be proclaimed! [*Rep.*

TABLEAU: *2. The symbol of the two kids, one of which is let go, the other of which is killed for the sins of the people. Lev. 16:7.*

SOLO. The ancient covenant the Lord demanded —
Two goats — and one for sacrifice was chosen.

CHORUS. Jehovah, Lord! because we spill this blood,
Be Thou unto Thy people good again!

SOLO. No more the blood of goats the Lord will have,
But purity must mark the sacrifice.

CHORUS. From every stain the sacrifice must be,
And pure the emblem also which they raise!
The Lord would have the first-born of the flock;
Already are the cries of vengeance heard;
The Lamb will rise and fall and rise again!

PEOPLE (*behind the curtain*). Let Barabbas be
From fetters free!

CHORUS. No, no! 't is Jesus must be free!
How wild, alas, it sounds — the murderer's cry!

PEOPLE (*behind the curtain*). To the cross, to the cross,
To the cross with Him!

CHORUS. Ah, look on Him!
Ah, look on Him!
What evil has He done!

PEOPLE (*behind the curtain*). If you release this wicked Man,
Then are you no more Cæsar's friend!

CHORUS. Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
The blood of Jesus will the Lord avenge!

PEOPLE (*behind the curtain*). Upon us and our children let it fall!

CHORUS. Then, let it be indeed upon you all!

ACT XIV

Pilate brings the scourged and thorn-crowned Christus before the people, who demand His death and the release of Barabbas. Pilate's former resoluteness wavers, and he frees Barabbas, at the same time pronouncing upon Jesus the sentence of death.

FIRST SCENE

(*According to Schröder and Trench, these directions:*) *From three sides, representing as many streets in Jerusalem, come three groups of shouting people, headed by Priests and Pharisees. Nathanael and Ezekiel to the right and left; while in the midst of the centre group stand Caiaphas and Annas. The priests inflame the crowd which stretches far back of the scene. The groups come together in one mob, crying to Pilate, amidst threats, for the release of Barabbas and the death of Christus.**

NATHANAEL. Moses, your Teacher, calls upon you. His holy Law cries out to you for vengeance!

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* See also text of Daisenberger, ed. 1890, p. 163.

PEOPLE A. We are and shall always be the followers of Moses. We will have naught to do with any other teacher!

PEOPLE B. We are faithful to our Priests! Away with any who would rise against them!

PEOPLE C. You are our Fathers, as heretofore. We answer for your honour.

ANNAS. Come, children, throw yourselves into the arms of the Sanhedrin. Let it protect and serve you!

EZEKIEL. Shake it off — shake it off — the yoke of the Deceiver!

PEOPLE D. We would be free, free of this false Teacher; we would have nothing more to do with Him — this Nazarene!

PEOPLE A. The people applaud you!

THE FOUR RINGLEADERS (*Caiaphas, Annas, Nathanael, Ezekiel*). The God of your Fathers will receive you again into His favour. Once more you are to Him a holy People!

ALL. In you we recognise our truest friends. Long live the holy Sanhedrin! Long live our Teachers, our High Priest!

ANNAS. And death to the Galilean!

CAIAPHAS. Up! Let us hasten to Pilate!

ALL. Away to Pilate! The Nazarene shall die!

CAIAPHAS. He has falsified the Law! He has defied Abraham, Moses, and the Prophets; He has blasphemed God!

ALL. To death with this false Prophet!

PEOPLE B. Death on the cross!

PEOPLE C, D. Pilate must have Him crucified!

NATHANAEL. On the cross He shall expiate His crimes.

PEOPLE B, C. We shall not rest until the sentence is given. [*The crowds flow toward the background.*

CAIAPHAS (*leading the mob by look and gesture*). Hail to you, Children of Israel! You are indeed still the true descendants of the holy father Abraham. Oh, exult that you have escaped the unspeakable ruin that this Deceiver would have brought upon you and your children!

ANNAS. The ceaseless efforts of your Fathers have kept the Nation from the abyss.

ALL. Long live the High Council! Death to the Nazarene!

PRIESTS. Curse him who does not aid in His death!

ALL. We demand His death!

CAIAPHAS. Let Him be cast out from the heritage of our Fathers!

ALL. Let Him be cast out!

CAIAPHAS. Pilate will give you the choice between this Blasphemer and Barabbas. Let us stand resolute for the release of Barabbas!

ALL. Let Barabbas be free! And down with the Nazarene!

ANNAS. You Fathers! Be praised! Our wishes are heard!

ALL. Pilate must give his consent! It is the will of the Nation!

CAIAPHAS. Most glorious day for the people of Israel! Children, be firm!

PRIEST. This day restores honour to the Synagogue and freedom to the people.

CAIAPHAS (*as they draw near to Pilate's house*). Now, let us demand the death sentence, let us threaten Him with general riot.

ALL (*tumultuously*). We demand the death, the blood of our Enemy!

SOLDIER (*coming through the door*). Tumult and insurrection!

ALL. The Nazarene shall die!

CAIAPHAS. Show courage! Remain undaunted! A righteous cause protects us!

ALL. Pilate, pronounce the death sentence!

POMPONIUS (*Pilate's servant, on the balcony*). Quiet! Peace!

ALL. No, we will not rest until Pilate has given the death sentence!

POMPONIUS. Pilate will come immediately. [*Exits.*

ALL. We demand the death of the Nazarene!

CAIAPHAS (*to the Priests*). Now may Pilate learn the temper of the people, as he wished!

SECOND SCENE

The foregoing. Pilate and his attendants come on to the balcony. The thorn-crowned Christus is likewise led forward by two soldiers.

ALL. Now judge you, and pronounce the sentence upon Him.

PILATE (*pointing to Jesus*). Behold, what a man!

PRIESTS AND PHARISEES. To the cross with Him! To the cross!

PILATE. Can this pitiable plight win no compassion from your hearts?

ALL. Let Him die! To the cross with Him!

PILATE. Then take Him, and crucify Him at your own peril! I will have nothing to do with it, for I find no fault in Him.

CAIAPHAS. Hear, O Governor of the mighty Emperor, hear the voice of the people! Behold, it accords with our feeling, and calls for His death.

PEOPLE. Yes, we demand His death!

PILATE (*to the soldiers*). Lead Him down! and bring Barabbas hither from prison! Have the gaoler hand Him over immediately to the head lictor.

ANNAS. Let Barabbas live! Upon the Nazarene pronounce the sentence of death!

ALL. To death with the Nazarene!

PILATE. I do not understand these people! A few days back, shouting in approval and for joy, they followed this Man through the streets of Jerusalem. Is it possible that to-day these self-same people cry death and destruction upon Him? It is contemptible vacillation!

CAIAPHAS. The good people have at last come to see that they have been deceived by an adventurer who has presumed to call Himself the Messiah, the King of Israel.

NATHANAEL. Now the eyes of these people have opened wide, and they see how He cannot help Himself, — He who promised to bring freedom and happiness to the Nation.

EZEKIEL. Israel will have no Messiah who allows Himself to be caught and bound and treated with such scorn!

PEOPLE. Death to the false Messiah! To the Cheat!

PILATE. Listen, men of Judæa! It is customary for me to free a prisoner on the Feast day. Behold these two: the one with gentle countenance, worthy bearing, the ideal of a wise teacher whom you have long honoured as such, convicted of no wicked deed, and already humbled through sore chastisement; the other a culpable, lawless man, a convicted robber and murderer! I appeal to your better judgment, to your human sympathy. Choose! Which would you that I should let go, Barabbas, or Jesus, the Christ so called?

PEOPLE. Free Barabbas!

PILATE. Would you not rather that I should liberate the King of the Jews?

PEOPLE. Away with Him! Set Barabbas free!

CAIAPHAS. You have promised to give freedom to him whom the people chose.

PILATE (*to Caiaphas*). I am accustomed to keep my promise without needing a reminder! (*To the Crowd.*) What shall I then do with this King of the Jews?

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE. Crucify Him! Crucify Him!

PILATE. How? Shall I crucify your King?

PRIEST. We have no king, — only an Emperor!

CAIAPHAS. As Governor, you alone are answerable for the consequences.

PILATE. No! I cannot condemn this Man, for I find in Him no guilt. He has been sufficiently disciplined. I cannot, I dare not, condemn the guiltless!

PRIESTS.* If you release Him, then you are no friend of the Emperor.

CAIAPHAS. He proclaimed Himself King!

PRIESTS. And whosoever proclaims Himself King is a traitor to the Emperor!

NATHANAEL. And shall this rebel remain unpunished, and be allowed to continue scattering abroad the seeds of His heresy?

PEOPLE. It is the Governor's duty to get rid of Him!

CAIAPHAS. We have done our part as subjects of the Cæsar, for we have delivered this Agitator to you. If you do not heed our accusations, and the demands of the people, then we are free from all blame.

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* Parts of the following are omitted in some editions of the text.

ANNAS. If general insurrection results on account of this Man, then we shall know who is to blame, who should be made to bear the guilt of it, and we shall take care that the Emperor is told of it!

PEOPLE. The Cæsar shall hear of the matter!

EZEKIEL. In astonishment, the people in Rome will hear that the Governor has taken under his protection a person guilty of high treason — a person whose death was demanded by all of us.

PEOPLE. You must crucify Him, else there will be no peace in the land!

PILATE. Why, what evil has He done?

CAIAPHAS. Allow me to ask a question. Why should you take such care in judging this man? Quite recently, because of a few seditious outcries, you had hundreds, in groups and singly, massacred by your soldiers without trial, without sentence. [*Pilate starts.*

PEOPLE. You dare not befriend this One now, if you are a true servant of the Emperor!

PILATE (*in agitation*). Bring me water!

CAIAPHAS. The people will not leave here until you have pronounced the death sentence.

PEOPLE. No, we will not go until the death sentence is given!

PILATE. Thus you compel me through your violence to consent to your demands. Take Him away and crucify Him; but know (*makes a gesture*): I wash my hands of it. I will not be guilty of the blood of this innocent, this righteous Man. You must answer for it!

PEOPLE. We take it upon ourselves. His blood upon us and our children!

PILATE. Let Barabbas go free according to the will of the people. Lead him away — outside the city gate, that he may nevermore set foot therein.

HEAD LICTOR. Take him away and follow me! [*Soldiers lead Barabbas away.*

PRIESTS (*to Pilate*). Now you have judged rightly!

PILATE. I have only yielded to your violent pressure, so as to prevent any greater evil. But I will have no share in the blood-guilt. His blood — let it fall upon you and your children!

PEOPLE. Well, let it be so.

ANNAS. We and our children will bless the day, and cry out with thanksgiving and joy: Fortune and happiness to the Governor, Pilate! Long live Pilate!

PEOPLE. Long live our Governor, Pontius Pilate!

PILATE. Bring forth the two murderers who are in prison. They have deserved death more, very much more than the Accused here. Let the head lictor hand them over to the guard.

HEAD LICTOR* (*with the murderers, at first offstage*). Will you not move on, you rogues?

HANGMAN. Have you not merited this for some time?

* These few speeches are omitted by Stead.

HEAD LICTOR. Drive them on, the infamous pair! [*They come into view.*

RABBI. Ei! Behold! What a worthy company yonder for the Messiah on His last journey!

PILATE. Now let the death sentence be known. (*To the Scribes who have been writing steadily during the time the hangman and head lictor were driving the thieves forward. Then turning to the thieves.*) Of you and your horrible deeds, the earth shall be well rid to-day. You are to die on the cross! (*To the Scribes.*) Read on!

SCRIBE. I, Pontius Pilate, Governor of the province of Judæa, and under the mighty Emperor, Claudius Tiberius, pronounce, in accordance with the importunate clamours of the High Priests, the Sanhedrin, and all the people in Judæa, the sentence of death upon one Jesus of Nazareth, so known, who stands accused of having incited the people to rebellion, of having forbidden them to pay tribute to the Emperor, and of having proclaimed Himself King of the Jews. This same Jesus shall, outside the city walls, be crucified between two evil-doers, who, because of many robberies and murders, have likewise been condemned to die. Done at Jerusalem, on the eve of the Passover.

PILATE (*breaking the staff*). Now, take Him away and — crucify Him! [*Exits hastily.*

CAIAPHAS. Victory! The triumph is ours! The Enemy of the Synagogue is overthrown!

ALL (*Priests and people*). Away with Him to Golgotha! Long live the Synagogue! Long live Moses and the Nation!

ANNAS. Hasten, that we may return home in time!

ALL. We will keep this Passover joyfully, even like our Fathers in Egypt!

CAIAPHAS. Let us triumph through the streets of Jerusalem!

RABBI. Where are the friends of the Nazarene — His Disciples? They are invited to join in the triumph — to cry Hosanna!

PEOPLE (*crying as they go*). Up and away! — Off to Golgotha! — Come and see Him as He faints on the cross! Oh, happy day! The Enemy of Moses is overthrown! — Ha! Now He has His reward! — Thus let it be done to every one who defies the Law! He deserves death on the cross! — Oh, most happy Passover! Now joy will return unto Israel! It is all over with the Galilean! [*Exit tumultuously.*

END OF ACT

END OF SECOND DIVISION

THIRD DIVISION

From the Condemnation by Pilate until the Glorious Resurrection of the Lord

XV. REPRESENTATION

The Way to the Cross

Prologue *

The sentence has been forced, and now they go
Unto Golgotha, called the Mount of Skulls,
While Jesus staggers, burdened with the cross.

'T was thus that Isaac on his shoulders bore
The sacrificial wood unto the heights
Where he himself as offering was doomed.

So, willingly, the weight does Jesus bear,
The cross which through the power of His love
Shall for us come to mean the Tree of Life.

For, as the brazen serpent long ago
Did once bring healing in the wilderness,
So from the cross will happiness be born.

TABLEAUX

CHORUS. Worship and give thanks, for He who from the Cup
Partook of Sorrow goes unto His death,
And seeks thereby to reconcile the world with God!

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* In its verses the Passion Play is least original; there is a prosaic repetition which has not even the excellence of good paraphrasing. This is in part hidden by the music.

1. *Isaac, dedicated to the sacrifice, ascends Mount Moriah, laden with wood. Gen. 22 : 1–10. So, likewise, Christus ascends Calvary, carrying the heavy wooden cross.*

SOLO. As the wood for offering
Was carried once by Isaac to Moriah,
So, staggering with the cross,
Jesus toward Golgotha laden goes!

CHORUS. Worship now!

2. *Moses raises a brass moulded serpent upon a cross-bar. Num. 21 : 8–19. The brazen serpent is a symbol of the crucifixion of Christ. Every one is aided by sight of the serpent raised by Moses. Christus will be raised on the cross, and he who gazes upon Him will be healed of a wounded soul.*

CHORAGUS (*Recit.*). The Son of Man is nailed unto the cross,
And will be raised on high!
The symbol of the cross in Moses' rod
You now shall see.

CHORUS. Worship, worship!

ACT XV

Christus, bowed down by the weight of the cross, is led toward Golgotha, and meets His afflicted Mother. Simon of Cyrene is forced to take the cross from Him; some women of Jerusalem weep for Jesus.

FIRST SCENE

The Holy Women, with John and Joseph of Arimathaea, on their Way from Bethany

MARY (*to John*). John! Alas, dear Disciple! How do you think it has gone with my Jesus since you saw Him last in the house of Caiaphas?

JOHN. If the Priests could do as they would, then already would He be counted among the dead. But they dare not carry out the sentence without permission from the Governor. And Pilate, I hope, will not condemn Him, since He has done no evil, but only good always.

MAGDALENE. May the Almighty prompt the heart of the Governor to righteousness, that he may protect the innocent from intrigue and malice!

MARY. Whither do we go, friends, ah, whither? That I may once more see my Son? I must see Him! Yet where shall I find Him? Perhaps, alas, He languishes in a dark prison!

MAGDALENE. Woe! The dearest of Teachers in prison!

JOHN. No one is to be seen from whom we might inquire.

JOSEPH. The best thing for us to do is to go to Nicodemus; from him we shall assuredly learn how it passes with the dear Master.

MARY. Yes, let us go there! My sorrow and my doubt as to the fate of my Son increase with every moment.

JOHN. Come, our Mother, be strong in your belief! Whatever happens — it is God's will. [*The cry, "On, on with Him!" is heard in the distance. The crowd drives Jesus forward, and He sinks beneath His load.*

JOSEPH. What is that? — that terrible noise?

SALOME. As though a thousand voices! What does it mean? [*They listen intently.*

SECOND SCENE

The Procession of the Cross-bearing. Priests, Pharisees, people, soldiers moving through the Street of Annas. The scene is one of motion. A captain, with his staff of command; a horseman, with a Roman banner. Christus painfully drags the cross, four executioners close behind Him.

PEOPLE. Away with Him! He dies, and all who hold with Him must give way!

AGRIPPA (*executioner*). Oho! Is the burden already too heavy for you?

PRIESTS AND PHARISEES. Drive Him on by force, that we may reach Calvary!

FAUSTUS (*executioner*). Stop, He will sink! [*Meanwhile the group in Pilate Street are still in ignorance as to what is the matter.*

JOSEPH. What shall we do? Amidst this sinister crowd of people we dare not risk ourselves within the city.

SALOME. I tremble!

MAGDALENE. What may this noise mean?

MARY. Has it aught to do with my Son?

JOSEPH. A riot seems to have broken forth.

JOHN. We will remain here until the storm has blown over.

SIMON OF CYRENE (*bearing a basket, comes hastily and uneasily from middle stage to front*). I must hasten that I may reach the city, for the eve of the great Feast advances. I have only a short while in which to purchase the necessities and to make ready all things, so that I may return home in time.

PRIESTS AND PEOPLE (*as yet unseen by Simon*). Don't let Him rest! On! Drive Him forward with blows!

SIMON. I hear noises — the cry of men: what could have happened in the city? I will remain here for a little; perhaps my ear has deceived me.

CATILINA (*executioner*). It is of no use to waver! (*Speaking to Christus.*) You must move on toward Golgotha.

AHASUERUS (*rushing out of his house, to Simon*). Away from here! This is no place for rest!

SIMON. The noise grows louder. I must hurry and see what it is. Ah! what is yonder? I cannot go into that. I will await the issue. [*He moves toward Annas Street.*

THIRD SCENE

The procession, with Christus, finally comes into view. Meanwhile, from the depth of the middle stage, Veronica and the women of Jerusalem draw near.

JOSEPH. I believe the multitude is coming from the city gates.

JOHN. It looks as though some one were being led toward Calvary for execution.

MARY (*discovering Jesus*). Ah, God! It is He! It is my Son! My Jesus! [*Her companions support her.*

CENTURION (*to Jesus, who has thus far staggered along, but now has fallen*). He holds us back. Here, strengthen yourself! [*Hands a flask. Jesus takes it, but does not drink.*

JOHN, MAGDALENE, SALOME (*holding Mary*). Mother, dearest Mother!

MARY. Alas, thus do I see Him being led to His death, like a miscreant between evil-doers!

JOHN. Mother! It is the hour which He prophesied. Such is the will of the Father!

CENTURION. Will you not drink?

PHARISEES. Drive Him on!

NERO (*executioner, striking and shaking Jesus*). Stir yourself — you lazy King of the Jews!

FAUSTUS. On, on! Pull yourself together! We must get on!

MARY. Oh, where is the sorrow equal to my sorrow!

CATILINA (*as Jesus staggers*). He is so very weak. Some one must help Him, else —

RABBI (*pointing to Simon*). Here, that stranger yonder!

PHARISEES. Lay hold on him!

CENTURION (*captain*). Come here, you! You have broad shoulders for carrying!

SIMON. I? No — I must — I —

NERO. Certainly you must, or be beaten into doing it!

SIMON. I know not —

CENTURION. You will know soon enough; do not refuse!

FAUSTUS. If you do, you shall come to feel the strength of my arm!

PHARISEES. Strike him, if he refuses.

SIMON. I am indeed innocent, I have done no crime!

CENTURION. Be silent!

SIMON (*being dragged along*). Not with such force! (*Seeing Christus.*) What do I behold? Yonder is the holy Man from Nazareth.

FAUSTUS. Your shoulders here! [*They take the cross from Jesus and put it upon Simon.*

SIMON. Out of love for you will I carry it. Oh, if I only could thereby make myself of use to you!

CHRISTUS (*standing to one side, exhausted*). God's blessing upon thee and thine!

CENTURION. Now, forward! (*To Simon.*) Follow us with the cross-beam!

AGRIPPA (*to Christus*). Now you can move along more rapidly.

FAUSTUS (*laying hold of Jesus by the nape of the neck and shaking Him*). Something still keeps you back? Even though the cross has been taken from you?

CATILINA. Are you still further in need?

CENTURION. Let Him be. We will rest now for a while, so that He may have time to recover before He climbs the hill of death — to Calvary. [*Veronica and the women of Jerusalem draw near.*

CAIAPHAS. Another delay! When shall we ever come to Calvary? Make haste!

VERONICA (*kneeling before Jesus and offering Him her handkerchief*). Oh, Lord, how your face is covered with blood and sweat! Will you not take my handkerchief and wipe it dry?

CHRISTUS (*taking the cloth from her, and, after making use of it, returning it*). Compassionate Soul, the Father will requite thee for this!

SARA (*three women draw near with their little ones*). Our good Teacher!

REBECCA. Oh, never to be forgotten Benefactor!

SUSANNA. Most noble Friend of mankind! Alas, thus are you rewarded!

REBECCA. How we pity you! [*They weep.*

CHRISTUS. Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep over me, but weep ye over yourselves and your children! For behold, I say unto you: The days are coming in which they shall say: Blessed are the barren and the wombs that never bear, and the breasts that have never given suck. Then will they call aloud to the mountains: Fall upon us; and to the hillocks: Shelter us! For if that is done in the green wood, what will be done in the dry?

RACHEL. Alas, how will it come to pass in the future for us and for our children? [*The women weep.*

CENTURION. Remove these womenfolk! It is time for us to go forward.

AGRIPPA. What use are your tears? Back!

CATILINA. Back!

FAUSTUS, NERO (*to Christus*). Away with you to the hill of death!

PEOPLE. Quickly — forward to Calvary!

RABBI. At last we are moving!

NATHANAEL. The Centurion is much too mild.

PRIEST. Don't spare Him anything! [*The procession is in motion when the servant of Pilate arrives.*

FOURTH SCENE

SERVANT. Stop! It is the command of the Governor that the Centurion appear before him as quickly as possible to obtain further orders. [*The procession stops.*

CAIAPHAS. What does this mean? Why new orders? The death sentence has been pronounced and must be executed without delay.

CENTURION (*severely*). No, it will not be until I have heard the commands of the Governor! (*To the soldiers.*) Keep guard meanwhile, and proceed with the condemned to Golgotha. Then (*pointing to Simon*) dismiss this man, and await my return. [*Exits with the servant. The procession again moves on in the direction of the middle stage, back.*

PEOPLE (*wildly shouting to one another*). Away, away to Golgotha! To the cross with Him! To the cross! Hail, Israel! The Enemy is conquered! His death is our happiness! We are free! Long live the Synagogue, the Sanhedrin!

SUSANNA. These cries pierce to Heaven! [*The women move away, weeping.*

JOHN. Mother, shall we not return to Bethany? You will not be able to bear the sight!

MARY How can a mother forsake her child in his last and most bitter need?

KLEOPHA. But evil and harm might befall you also, if they recognised you as His Mother.

MARY. I will suffer with Him, and with Him share scorn and insult — yea, with Him die!

JOHN. If only the strength of the flesh does not succumb!

MARY. Fear nothing! I have prayed to God for strength! The Lord has heard me! Let us follow!

ALL. Best of mothers! We follow you! [*They move with the procession.*

END OF ACT

XVI. REPRESENTATION

Jesus upon Golgotha

The Chorus, grief-stricken, appears, clad in black.

Prologue of Chorus

CHORAGUS (*Recit.*). Ye pious souls, arise and with me go
Unto Golgotha in remorse and pain!
Behold, ye pious souls, what there befell —
The Intercessor between Sin and God
Made thus to suffer the atonement death!

In nakedness, His wounds are what you see —
He yonder lies in anguish on the cross.
'T is vengeance wantonly makes sport with Him,
While, for the love of sinners, He is still,
And shows forgiveness, — suffers and endures.

Hark, do you hear? His limbs are rent and torn,
As from their sockets they are rudely dragged!
Who would not quake to hear the hammer strokes
Which cruelly cut, alas, through hands and feet, —
The nails through each limb pressed unerringly!

(*There is heard behind the curtain a dull, penetrating sound of hammer blows.*)

Oh, come, ye souls, and raise your countenances,
Unto the cross compassionately turn!
Yonder, behold the tender Lamb of God,
Who blood and life for you has sacrificed!
Behold, between two murderers He hangs —
The Son of God — beneath the weight of scorn!

Would you not dedicate your tears to Him?
Behold, how now He opes His mouth and begs
That pardon for the murderers be given;
And unto God He utters His last prayer,
While through His side some one a spear has thrust,
Which leaves exposed His sacred heart to view!

Who of us can such high love comprehend,
Which animates a tender heart like this —
A love which ever unto Hate gives Good,
Which for the world its life would sacrifice?
Ah, bring to this Belovéd on the cross
Your heart's clean impulse as an offering!

ACT XVI

Jesus is raised and fastened to the cross. The crowd jeers at Him. Jesus' last words, and His death. Precautions taken by the Jews for guarding the grave. The burial of the body of Jesus.

FIRST SCENE

The scene is set on the middle stage. As the curtain ascends, the crosses of the two thieves are in the act of being raised. Christus, on His cross, is still flat on the ground. Lictors, executioners, High Priest, Pharisees, people. In the background, the holy women, with John, Joseph, and Nicodemus.

EXECUTIONERS (*pointing to the thieves, after they have been raised*). We have finished with these. Now must the King of the Jews be raised on His throne!

PHARISEES. No King, but a Betrayer! Traitor!

CENTURION. First, however, by command of the Governor, this inscription must be fastened to the cross. Faustus, put it on!

FAUSTUS. A sign! Ha, that is indeed very regal! [*Fastens on the inscription.*

CENTURION. Take hold, now, and raise the cross! — Only, not carelessly.

CATALINA. Up! Double your strength, man! Heave to! [*They pull.*

NERO. All right now! The cross stands firm!

CENTURION. The painful duty is accomplished!

CAIAPHAS. And quite excellently done!

PHARISEES. Thanks — we thank you!

PEOPLE. Thanks and our approval!

CAIAPHAS. For all times shall this be a Feast day to us!

PHARISEES. Yes, and most solemnly shall it be celebrated.

ANNAS. And now right willingly will I be gathered unto my Fathers, because I have lived long enough for the joy of seeing this Wretch on the cross! What is the inscription? What is its meaning? Is it not very short?

RABBI (*stepping near*). That is ridiculous! Truly an insult for us and for the people!

CAIAPHAS. What is written thereon?

AMAN. The Rabbi is right. The Council cannot countenance this!

RABBI. It reads: Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews. [*The four executioners lie down beneath the cross.*

CAIAPHAS. Truly, that is an insult to our Nation!

PHARISEES. The inscription must go. Tear it down!

CAIAPHAS. We dare not ourselves lay hands upon it. Have patience! (*To two Priests.*) Rabbi and Saras! Hasten to Pilate, and, in the name of the High

Council and of all the people, demand the alteration of this inscription. It should be written that *He has said:* I am the King of the Jews. At the same time petition Pilate to have the bones of the crucified broken before the eve of the Feast, and their bodies taken from the crosses. [*Rabbi and Saras exit.*

CATILINA. Now, comrades, let us divide our spoils! (*Takes up Christus' coat and mantle.*) Look, this mantle can be divided first. (*The four executioners seize the cloth and tear it with a jerk into four parts.*) But the coat is not sewn together. Shall we, however, cut it to pieces?

FAUSTUS. No, better throw lots for it!

AGRIPPA. Here are the dice. I will try my luck immediately. (*Throws.*) That is too little. I have no chance.

CATILINA (*glancing toward Christus*). Hi there, you! If you can work any miracle on the cross, then favour my throw! [*Throws.*

THE OTHERS. What has He got to do with it? Lost!

NERO. Shall I be more lucky? Fifteen! Nearly enough. Now it is your turn, Faustus.

FAUSTUS. I must have it! [*Throws.*

CATILINA (*examining the dice*). Eighteen! That is the best!

AGRIPPA. It is yours! Take it away!

NERO. You are forsooth not to be envied.

RABBI (*returning*). Our mission was in vain.

SARAS. He would not hear us!

CAIAPHAS. Did you not receive any answer?

RABBI. This only: What I have written shall remain as it was written.

ANNAS (*aside*). Ha! Intolerable!

CAIAPHAS. And what instructions did he give you with regard to the breaking of the bones?

RABBI. Concerning that, he said he would send his orders to the Centurion.

JOSUE (*to Christus*). So, then, it remains written: King of the Jews! Ei! If you are King in Israel, then come down now from the cross, that we may see and believe. [*Laughter.*

ELIAZAR. You who would tear down the Temple of God in three days, and would build it up again in three, help yourself now!

CAIAPHAS. Ha! Others has He helped, but He cannot help Himself!

NUN (*false witness*). Come down! For verily, you are the Son of God! Have you not indeed claimed so?

ANNAS. He has trusted in God. Let God save Him now, if it so pleases Him!

NERO. How? Do you not hear?

AGRIPPA. Show your power, worthy King of the Jews!

CHRISTUS (*whose head has the while hung motionless, now raises it with a look of unutterable anguish*). Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

THIEF (*to the left*). Truly, if you are the Saviour, save yourself now, and us with you!

THIEF (*to the right. Speaking to the other thief*). Do you not fear God, since you are condemned to the self-same punishment as myself? We are punished justly; we are being rewarded deservedly for the misdeeds we have done, but yonder One has not committed evil. (*To Christus.*) Lord, remember me when you come unto your Kingdom!

CHRISTUS. Verily, I say unto you: To-day will you yet be with me in Paradise. [*Mary and John draw near the cross.*

CAIAPHAS. Listen! He still acts as though He had power over Paradise!

RABBI. Has His pride not yet weakened, even while He hangs there helpless on the cross?

CHRISTUS (*showing signs of the end*). Mother, behold your Son! Son, see your Mother!

MARY. Even in dying, you yet trouble yourself about your Mother.

JOHN. Lord, your last will is sacred to me!

CHRISTUS. You, my Mother, and I, your Son! I thirst!

CENTURION. He suffers thirst and calls for drink!

FAUSTUS. I will hand Him some quickly. [*Takes a pole with a sponge at one end, on which the Centurion has poured from his flask. Christus sips.*

CHRISTUS (*in agony*). Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!

PHARISEES. Hear, He calls on Elias!

CAIAPHAS. Now we shall see whether Elias comes down to help Him!

CHRISTUS (*breathing heavily*). It is over! Father, into Thy hands my spirit I commend. [*His head drops forward, and He dies. On the instant, a deafening noise is heard, and it grows suddenly dark.*

ENAN. What is that? The earth shakes!

HEBRON. It was an earthquake! Horrible!

AHIRA. Hear you the crash of falling rocks? Woe unto us!

ENAN. It is God's hand upon us!

CENTURION. Verily, this Man was a righteous man!

SOLDIERS. By this very sign of nature the God on high bears Him witness.

CENTURION. Oh, His patience in the midst of violent pain — His noble calm, His godly cry to Heaven at the moment of His death — all that foreshadowed something of His high origin! Verily, He is the Son of God!

OZIEL. Come, neighbour; I will stay no longer on this terrible spot!

HELON. Let us go home. God be merciful unto us!

OTHERS (*striking their breasts*). Jehovah! Lord! Almighty God! We have sinned! Show us indulgence! [*The people disperse in remorse and anguish.*

ZOROBABEL (*servant of the Temple, enters in haste*). High Priest, and you members of the Council! Within the Sanctuary a frightful scene has come to pass. Alas, I tremble in every limb!

CAIAPHAS. What is it? Not the Temple —

ANNAS. Fallen? Destroyed?

ZOROBABEL. Not that! But the veil of the Temple has been rent asunder. I hastened here with faltering steps, dreading the while that the whole world was split by the shock.

CAIAPHAS (*pointing to the dead Jesus*). All this has yonder Wretch done to us through His magic! Fortunate that He is out of the world, else would He have brought all the elements against one another!

PHARISEES. Cursed be the allies of Beelzebub!

CAIAPHAS. Let us now hasten home, and see what has happened. Then hither will we immediately return. For I cannot rest until I have seen that the bones of this fellow are broken, and that His body is flung into the grave for criminals. [*They exit.*

SECOND SCENE

NICODEMUS (*to Joseph of Arimathaea*). Shall the holy body of Him sent by God be thus dishonoured and thrown into the grave of evil-doers? Is there no way to prevent it?

JOSEPH. Listen, friend. I will go straightway unto Pilate, and will beg him fervently to give unto me the dead body of Jesus. This favour he will not refuse me. Friend, then we will render the last honour to our dear Teacher!

NICODEMUS. Do that and make haste! I will bring spices with which to embalm Him. [*They exit.*

CENTURION (*to the holy women*). Fear not, good women! No harm shall befall you! Come forward and look upon the body of your Friend.

MAGDALENE (*embracing the cross*). My dearest Master! My heart hangs with you on the cross!

SERVANT OF PILATE (*enters and turns to the Centurion*). My Lord commands that the legs of the crucified shall be broken, and that then immediately their bodies shall be taken down. Before the eve of the great Feast all must be over.

CENTURION. It shall be done on the instant. Up with you, men, and first break the bones of yonder thieves!

CATILINA. Come, let us do the work quickly! [*Ascends.*

FAUSTUS. Strike, so that he dies!

CATILINA (*on the ladder, with blows breaks the bones of the thief on the right*). This one will nevermore awake!

NERO (*who climbs to the thief on the left*). The other will I send from out this world. [*Strikes.*

MARY (*shuddering*). My Son! Surely they would not treat your holy body so cruelly!

NERO (*to the thief on the left*). Do you still move? No, now at last he has his reward!

MAGDALENE (*as the executioner moves with his club toward Jesus*). Ah, at least spare Him, spare Him!

CATILINA (*looking up at Jesus*). See! He is already dead! No longer is it necessary to break His bones.

FAUSTUS. But that we may be quite sure, I will pierce His heart with this lance. [*Thrusts the lance into the side of Jesus, and the blood gushes forth.*

THE HOLY WOMEN. Ah! Alas! Woe!

MAGDALENE. Oh, dearest Mother! That stab also enters your heart!

CENTURION. Now take the bodies from the cross!

AGRIPPA. What shall we do with this One?

CENTURION. As we are commanded — into the grave with the thieves!

MARY. What words for the wounded Mother-heart!

NERO. Ladders here! They will soon be taken down.

MAGDALENE (*going to the Centurion*). Alas! May we not even now show the last honours to our Friend?

CENTURION. Unfortunately, it rests not in my power to grant you your wish.

FAUSTUS (*to his associate on the lower rung of the ladder*). Go on up; I will hold the ladder.

CATILINA. And I will care for the other. [*They drag the thieves away.*

THIRD SCENE

The Priests return to Golgotha.

CAIAPHAS (*approaching at the head of the Priests*). The more pleasing will it be for us to see the body of this evil-doer thrown into a shameful grave, after we have beheld the destruction which He has caused in the Temple.

ANNAS. Oh, it would be delight to my eyes to see His limbs torn asunder by wild beasts!

CAIAPHAS. Ha! Look! They are already being taken down. Now we shall see our desires forthwith fulfilled.

SERVANT OF PILATE (*entering with Joseph of Arimathaea. To the Centurion*). The Governor has bid me come and see whether Jesus of Nazareth be really dead, even as this man informed him.

CENTURION. It is so. Behold for yourself! To be absolutely certain, He was also pierced through the heart with a lance.

SERVANT. Then I am commanded to inform you that His body is to be handed over to this man as a gift from Pilate. [*Exits.*

HOLY WOMEN. Oh, comforting words!

RABBI (*looking toward Joseph of Arimathaea*). The Traitor! He has again interposed a barrier!

ANNAS. And our joy spoiled!

CAIAPHAS (*to the Centurion*). Nevertheless, we will not allow His body to be laid elsewhere than with the transgressors.

CENTURION. Inasmuch as the body is given to this man, it is understood that he may bury it how and where he will. No objection can be raised. (*To the soldiers and executioners.*) You men, our business is at an end; we will return! [*Exit.*

ANNAS (*The following scene is in Daisenberger. Annas speaks to Joseph of Arimathaea*). Do you still persist in your terrible sin? Are you not ashamed to honour even the cold body of a malefactor who has died on the cross?

JOSEPH. I honour the most virtuous of men, the God-sent — Him who, without guilt, was murdered.

NICODEMUS. Envy and pride were the motives prompting His condemnation. The judge himself was convinced of His guiltlessness, and would not be party to the bloody deed.

CAIAPHAS. The curse, pronounced by the holy Law, will destroy thee, you enemy of our Fathers!

RABBI. Do not anger yourself, High Priest! They are wholly blind!

CAIAPHAS. The curse of the whole Council rest upon you! Honour taken from you, you shall nevermore dare enter our midst!

NICODEMUS. That we do not wish to do. [*The High Priest and Pharisees come forth.*

ANNAS (*scene continues as in other versions*). Now that the corpse is in the hands of friends, we must be on our guard. For the false Teacher said, while He yet lived, that in three days He would rise again.

RABBI. How easily could a new deception be imposed upon us and the people, and a new embarrassment be prepared for us! His Disciples could secretly steal His body, and then spread the report that He had risen!

CAIAPHAS. Then would the last error be worse than the first. Let us go immediately to Pilate, therefore, and ask him for a guard with which to watch the grave until after the third day.

ANNAS. A wise thought!

RABBI. Thus will their schemes be frustrated! [*Exit.*

FOURTH SCENE

The Descent from the Cross and the Burial

MAGDALENE. They have finally gone, the madmen! Console yourself, dear Mother! Now are we alone with our friends; the derision and abuse are silenced, and a holy evening stillness surrounds us.

MARY (*to the women*). Oh, my friends! What my Jesus suffered, this Mother's heart suffered also! Now has He done His work. He has entered into the rest of His Fathers. The peace and comfort of Heaven are lodged in my heart. We shall see Him again; for so He has said, and His word is Truth.

MAGDALENE. Yea, we shall see Him again! His word is Truth!

MARY (*to the men who took the bodies from the crosses*). Bring me the body of my dear Child!

SALOME. Companions, come, help me get ready the linen which shall hold our dead. [*The women seat Mary on a stone, and spread out the winding-cloth at her feet.*

MAGDALENE. Mother, will you not rest here a little, until we have made ready His couch for Him?

JOSEPH (*taking the body of Jesus upon his shoulders*). Oh, you sweet, holy burden, come to my shoulders! [*Receives the body.*

NICODEMUS (*stretching forth his arms to receive the dead*). Come, holy body of my only Friend! Let me embrace you! (*The body is placed so as to lean against Mary.*) How the madness of your enemies has lacerated you!

JOHN. Here shall the best of sons once more rest on the bosom of the best of mothers!

MARY. Oh, my Son, how your body is covered with wounds!

JOHN. Mother, from these wounds flow salvation and blessing for all mankind!

MAGDALENE. Behold, Mother, the peace of Heaven rests on His pale countenance!

NICODEMUS. Let us anoint His holy body and wrap it in this clean winding-sheet.

JOSEPH. Yonder in my new grave within the rocky grotto of my garden shall He find rest.

SALOME. Best of Masters! One more hot tear of love on your lifeless body!

MAGDALENE. Oh, let me once more kiss the hand that so often blessed me!

JOSEPH. We shall see Him again. (*To Nicodemus.*) My friend, help me bear Him into the garden.

NICODEMUS. A fortunate one am I, for I am able to lay the sheath of Him sent by God to rest. [*They bear the body in the direction of the grave.*

JOHN. Let us follow to the place where the treasure of our sorrow will be laid.

MARY. It is the last service which I can render to my Jesus. [*They all start; in the background is discovered the grave.* (*See Daisenberger, who gives short stage directions for the procession to the grave, and also this short scene:*)

ALL (*as Joseph and Nicodemus come from the grave in which they have placed the body of Jesus*). Friend, rest quietly in your rocky grave!

JOHN. Let us go; Mother, come! [*They pass through the garden gate; the women follow.*

JOSEPH. With this stone will we close the grave. [*They roll the stone to the opening.*

NICODEMUS. After the Feast we will finish our work of love!

JOSEPH. Come, friend, let us mourn the death of our belovéd Teacher.

NICODEMUS. Oh, this Man of Spirit and Truth—how did He deserve such a fate! [*The two exit through the garden gate.*

END OF ACT

XVII. REPRESENTATION

The Resurrection *

Prologue

Now all is over! To us peace and joy,
Life and freedom hath He brought through death,
While in the hearts of those He saved is love!

The Holy One lies buried in the grave;
His rest is short, for His anointed flesh
Defying death — alive — shall rise again!

In three days Jonah from the fish's maw
Returned, while safely through the sea
Engulfing others, moved victorious Israel.

So will the power of the Lord o'ercome
The darkness of the tomb, and in the light
Appear once more in godlike excellence!

TABLEAU: *1. Jonah cast by the whale upon dry land.*

CHORUS.† Rest peacefully, Thou holy body,
Within the stillness of the rocky grave;
From burning pain, Thou holy body, rest!
Repose Thou, in the bosom of the earth,

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* There are such differences existing between the German versions that I am following Daisenberger largely in this final act.

† According to Hermine Diemer, after Christus is laid in the grave, "a funeral chorus bids the weary soul and the beloved body rest from the torments of the past," — chanting the burial song. Daisenberger includes stanzas connecting this with the tableau; they are practically repetitions of the ideas in the Prologue.

Until the hour Thou art glorified!
Never shall Thy holy body come to be
The victim of the grave and of decay! *

TABLEAU: *2. The people of Israel cross the Red Sea; their enemies meet with ruin.*†

Great is the Lord! His goodness great!
Triumph — the dead shall rise again!
The darkness of the grave no more enshroud Him,
For through His power shall He soon go forth!

ACT XVII

Jesus rises. The watch at the grave lose self-possession. More women seek the grave. An angel announces to them the resurrection of Jesus, which the High Council seeks to discountenance. The resurrected One appears before Mary Magdalene.

FIRST SCENE

Garden with the Rocky Grotto. Titus, Pedius, Rufus, Kajus, some sitting and others lying around the Hillock by the Grave

TITUS (*who has been asleep, wakens*). Brothers, how is 't with you? To me it seems much too long to sit here thus as a death watch.

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* Stead and Diemer agree, although the former indicates here a tenor voice and a solo, in addition to the chorus. Trench follows Daisenberger. The effect of the repetition is dependent on the music — victory, triumph, and the greatness and goodness of the Lord being the themes.

† The verses are modified — based on Daisenberger.

RUFUS. Show patience; it is the last night. Only for three days was the watch to last.

PEDIUS. We will soon be free!

TITUS. Truly, it is laughable how the people still fear the dead.

RUFUS. This Man of Nazareth, so the rumour goes, has said that on the third day He would return from the dead; hence the fear.

TITUS. If He is really such a superior being, will He heed us? And were there a hundred of us, we could not stop Him.

KAJUS (*who has been asleep, now wakens*). Brothers, is not the night wellnigh over?

TITUS. Soon it will be. Already in the east the sky begins to redden. A beautiful spring day is about to smile upon us. [*Earthquake.*

PEDIUS (*springing up*). Immortals! what a frightful shock!

RUFUS. The earth is splitting asunder! [*Thunder and lightning.*

TITUS. Away from the rock! Away! It wavers! It crashes in! [*An angel rolls the stone away. Christ rises.*

PEDIUS. Ye gods! What do I see?

TITUS. I grow blind. Alas, a fire from Heaven has seized me! [*They fall upon their knees, some covering their faces, others bowing their heads to the earth.*

KAJUS (*after a while, still on his knees*). Brothers! What has befallen us!

RUFUS. Not an instant longer will I remain here!

TITUS (*looking*). The Apparition has disappeared. (*Takes his weapon and stands up.*) Brothers, be of courage! We have naught to fear, having done no wrong. [*They all stand.*

PEDIUS. I saw the figure of a Man at the grave; His face shone like the lightning, and His dress was whiter than the snow.

KAJUS. I saw the figure also. Here a higher power governs!

TITUS (*at the entrance to the garden*). The garden gate is closed.

KAJUS (*who has neared the grave*). And lo, the stone is rolled away! The grave is open! [*All move toward the grave.*

RUFUS (*looking within*). I no longer see a corpse.

PEDIUS (*venturing further in*). Here is the winding-sheet, however, which served as a covering for the body. He has gone from the grave!

TITUS. He must have risen. No man came here.

RUFUS. So, what the priests most feared has happened!

TITUS. He has fulfilled His word!

RUFUS. And we? What is there now for us to do?

PEDIUS. Nothing more. But let us hasten and inform the Pharisees of what we 've seen.

ALL. That we will, indeed! [*They exit toward Annas Street.*

SECOND SCENE

Magdalene, Salome, Johanna, Kleopha, Jacobe, the Holy Women, and an Angel. They enter from the right.

MAGDALENE. How joyful my heart to show this honour to our belovéd Teacher! [*They hasten toward the grave, the Magdalene in advance.*

KLEOPHA. Yet who will roll the stone away?

JACOBE. Is it then so very big?

SALOME. Yes, indeed! Our strength would not suffice!

JOHANNA. Perhaps Joseph's gardener is not far away.

MAGDALENE (*returning quickly*). Sisters, what have I seen! The Master has been taken out of the grave — He has been taken away from us! Who knows where they have taken Him?

WOMEN. Oh, God!

MAGDALENE. I will hasten to Peter and John, and tell them the sad news! [*Exits weeping.*

SALOME. Thus is our last consolation taken from us!

JOHANNA. Do not lose courage; perhaps —

JACOBE. If only the enemies of the Master have not stolen His body so as to inflict further insults upon Him!

KLEOPHA. Let us see for ourselves! [*They go to the grave.*

JACOBE (*at the garden entrance*). It is true. The stone is from the hole.

SALOME (*looking within*). I do not see the holy body! Oh, oh! What is it I do see? [*Recoils, terrified.*

JOHANNA. The clothes are here, but the body is not. (*Hastens from the tomb.*) I am afraid!

ANGEL (*appearing at the entrance of the tomb*). Fear not! You seek Jesus of Nazareth, Him who was crucified? He has risen, and is here no more. Behold the holy place where they laid Him. But go and say unto His Disciples, and to Peter in particular, that He has gone before you into Galilee! There will you see Him as He has said. [*Beside this Angel appear two others; then all three disappear.*

JACOBE. Oh, I tremble with fear! We will go from here. [*They hasten away.*

SALOME (*outside the garden*). Now let me collect myself, for I came near fainting.

KLEOPHA. So did I. Yet, sisters, what a heavenly message it was to us! The Lord is risen! We shall see Him alive again in Galilee!

JOHANNA. My fear has gone! In rapture beats my heart. He lives again. Friends, bethink you! He lives! Our dear Teacher! [*They are excited. Johanna embraces Kleopha.*

JACOBE. Sisters, let us hasten to announce the Angel's message to the Disciples!

KLEOPHA. All our sadness has been turned to joy!

ALL. And no one can take it from us! [*They exit.*

THIRD SCENE

Caiaphas, Annas, Rabbi, the Pharisees, and the four guards. They enter from the left.

CAIAPHAS. It is impossible to keep back what the watchers have told us. (*Goes quickly to the grave.*) Yes, truly, the stone is rolled away; the grave is empty!

ANNAS. It is not unlikely that some people came here.

CAIAPHAS (*to the watch*). How did it happen? Confess, or the worst punishment awaits you!

TITUS. As we told you, so did it happen. We can tell you nothing more.

PHARISEES. You lie!

RUFUS. How do you think it possible for any one to come here? The garden gate was closed and we sat around the grave.

CAIAPHAS. You are all confederates in this!

ANNAS. You have been bribed!

WATCHERS. What? You would question our honour! We will not have such slander put upon us.

ANNAS. Why did you not immediately raise an alarm?

PEDIUS. How could we, when a thunderbolt laid us low!

CAIAPHAS. You say this only to escape punishment.

RUFUS. Ha! You might say that to a Jewish soldier, but a Roman will not slip out by lying!

WATCHERS. We will complain before Pilate, demanding satisfaction for such insult.

CAIAPHAS. Tell us: where is the body now?

RUFUS. We do not know.

TITUS. He rose, as you feared.

CAIAPHAS. Be silent with your Resurrection tale!

PEDIUS. Even though you do not believe it, still is it none the less true! I tell what I myself saw.

ANNAS. Now, what did you see? Perchance the Disciples who stole His body?

PEDIUS. No, on my honour! I saw Him rising from the grave. The light which shone around Him struck me low.

TITUS. We will go to Pilate; he shall decide.

RUFUS. And over all Jerusalem shall the news be published —

PEDIUS. That He has risen!

CAIAPHAS (*aside to the Pharisees*). We must prevent any such move. (*To the watch.*) Believe what you will; but it is best for us that the story be not spread abroad. Your silence will be adequately rewarded.

RUFUS. Even though we remain silent, it will still become known that the body is no longer to be found in the grave.

TITUS. Pilate would call us to account.

ANNAS. Leave that to us!

CAIAPHAS (*showing them a full purse*). See this gold! It will all be given for your silence!

PHARISEES. Take it, and leave it to the High Council to settle the affair.

ANNAS. We will stand by you before Pilate.

TITUS (*to his companions*). They only ask silence of us. That we can give!

WATCH. We 'll do it!

CAIAPHAS (*handing over the purse to Titus*). Mark you: deep silence!

RUFUS. But if one should question us?

CAIAPHAS. Then say this only: The Disciples came while we slept and stole Him from the grave.

TITUS. No! Take back your money!

PHARISEES. Nothing will be done to punish you.

CAIAPHAS. I promise you in the name of the whole Council!

PEDIUS. Well, if you will promise that, then we will do it.

PHARISEES. Fear nothing!

CAIAPHAS. Now then: be silent!

THE WATCH. We will. [*They exit.*

CAIAPHAS (*to the Pharisees*). Now, friends, let us take care to spread among the people the report that the body has been stolen by His Disciples.

ANNAS. This Man gives us trouble, even in death!

NATHANAEL. And must something always intervene, that we cannot rejoice in our victory undisturbed?

CAIAPHAS. Do not grieve over this! The best is won! Our Enemy is dead! Let His body rest where it will! A short time hence — and the name of this Nazarene will be forgotten — or uttered only with insult, as an evil-doer who was crucified. His work is at an end!

PHARISEES. Hail to the Synagogue! At an end is the work of our Enemy! [*They exit with haughty confidence.*

FOURTH SCENE

John, followed shortly by Peter and the Magdalene. Then Christ and an Angel

JOHN (*enters from the right*). I must convince myself whether or no Mary has rightly told us. (*He goes quickly to the grave and, stooping, looks within.*) Truly, the body has disappeared! Still, the clothes are there.

PETER (*coming with the Magdalene*). Is it so? Have you already been in the rocky grave?

JOHN. It is empty! I have looked within; but a godly fear prevents me from entering!

PETER. We must examine closer. (*Goes into the grave, but immediately returns to the entrance.*) See for yourself, John; see how orderly the linen clothes lie within. The head cloth is laid, separated from the others. [*John enters.*

MAGDALENE. Alas! where is my Friend? Shall I not even see His body again?

PETER (*coming out with John*). If the enemy had carried Him off, then they would have taken Him as He was, wrapped in linen.

JOHN. And had they dragged the body about, the linen would certainly be strewn around the place.

PETER. But everything is very orderly, as though some one had risen from a sleep and laid his night raiment in order.

JOHN. Simon, what presentiment your speech awakens in me! Perchance the Lord has risen from death, as though from a gentle sleep. Yes, I believe it! He who called forth Lazarus, could He not likewise bring Himself from the grave? And did He not prophesy to us that on the third day the Son of Man would — Oh, Simon, to-day is the third day!

PETER. My God! If it were so!

JOHN. I do not doubt it! We shall soon see Him again!

PETER. John, let us go to our Brothers, and impart to them what we here have seen! (*To the Magdalene.*) Mary, will you not come with us?

MAGDALENE. Leave me here! Oh, let me grieve alone! Let me weep! I cannot stir from this place until I have satisfied my heart's need!

PETER. Do not stay long. In Mark's house you will find us. [*Exits with John.*

MAGDALENE. Now, my tears, have your way! To weep is the only consolation for a heavy heart. [*Weeping violently, she rests her head upon the rock at the entrance.*

ANGEL (*appearing, after a while, inside the entrance*). Woman, why weep you?

MAGDALENE. They have taken away my Lord. I know not where they have put Him. [*Turns, weeping, from the grave.*

CHRISTUS (*appears on the side of the hillock, between trees*). Oh, woman, why weep you? Whom seek you?

MAGDALENE. If you have taken Him away, then tell me where you have put Him.

CHRISTUS. Mary!

MAGDALENE. Oh, that is His voice! (*Hastens to Him, and falls before Him.*) Rabbi! [*Would embrace His knees.*

CHRISTUS. Do not stop me! Not yet have I entered unto my Father. But hasten and say to my Brothers: I go to my Father and to your Father; to my God and to your God!

MAGDALENE (*bending low*). My dearest Teacher! (*Looks up.*) He has disappeared. (*Stands, full of rapture.*) Still, I have seen Him! I have heard His dear voice! Oh, blesséd sight! Away from me, grief! The ecstasy of Paradise fills my soul! Ah, as though borne on wings, I will hasten to His Disciples, and tell them of the Resurrection, and give them greetings from their Lord! Oh, could I proclaim it through the whole world, that mountain and vale, and rocks and woods, and heaven and earth might resound with the tidings: Hallelujah! He has risen! [*As she exits, an echo comes from every side: "Hallelujah! He has risen!"*

CLOSING SCENE*

Hallelujah

Prologue

The Christ is risen! Rejoice, ye heavens!
The Christ is risen! Rejoice, ye mortals!
The lordly leader of the Tribe of Judah
The serpent's head 'neath His heel has crushed!

Firm stand the faithful, while hope the happiest
Within us wakens, through sign and token
Of our future — our resurrection!
In jubilation cry: "Hallelujah!"

We saw Him enter into Jerusalem,
Weighed down and humble, humiliated!
Ah, let us witness, before we leave here,
The Christ victorious, the Christ triumphant!

He now approaches glorification,
With regal power enters Jerusalem,
Where He will gather unto His person
Those whom His Passion hath saved from sin!

---

* German text, as given in Stead.

With such divine love, with spirit strengthened,
Oh, friends, turn homeward, your joy renewed
For Him who loved you in all His trials,
Throughout His Passion — through time eternal!

And round the Saviour, where sounds the chorus,
"The Lamb be praised, which once was offered"—
Oh, let us gather within the future,
Oh, let us gather and meet again!

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.* The might of the enemy He hath overcome, yea, hath He overcome! In the shadow of the grave new life hath He found! Sing unto Him songs of jubilation, before Him strew palms of victory! The Lord is risen! Shout unto Him, ye heavens above! Praise Him, ye earth below! Hallelujah unto the Resurrected! Hallelujah!

Adore ye the Saviour! The Lamb who was slain! Hallelujah! Him who from the grave ascends victorious to life on high! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! He hath conquered!

Praise Him, the Victor over death! Him who on Gabbatha was condemned! Praise Him, the Saviour of all Sinners, who for us on Golgotha died! Praise Him! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! He hath conquered!

Let us unto the Victor bring leaves of bay! Unto Him who is resurrected and eternal lives! Unto Him who from the grave ascends to life on high! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! He hath conquered!

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* In the original this is in verse; it is largely repetition, and is here, for the sake of spontaneous effect, done into prose.

Ye heavenly hosts, your praises bring, your praises sing! Excellence be unto the Lord! And glory be and power evermore! Honour unto the Lord from eternity unto eternity without end! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! He hath conquered!

[*The closing tableau represents Christ's Ascension, as He stands on the Mount of Olives, surrounded by His Disciples and the holy women.*]

THE END

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